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THE ABDUCTED HEIRESS.

BY MRS. CAROLINE INGRAHAM.

AUTHOR OF "SADIE PEROVAL," "IN THE HOUSE OF THE KINGS OF GOLD," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER X.

FIRE.

The night had waned away into its smallest hours, and the gray dawn of morning was brightening in the sky, yet still Eustace Saville paced slowly up and down the street in which Justina lived, with his head bent down upon his breast.

The fever in his veins had cooled, and he had been looking at the occurrence of the evening with a stern, sad scrutiny. He could not conceal from himself, that, even while an inexplicable fascination drew him towards Justina, he did not love her as he had loved others.

"And what is to be done?" he said to himself, as he turned down into another dark and silent street. "I have seen her too much for my own peace of mind, and for hers, too, I fear. If I draw back now, I am a coward—if I go on, I shall perhaps prove myself a villain. And yet—I can never go away and give her up myself. She may be a sister, a protege, or anything she chooses to be—but never, never can I give her up entirely. There is no passion in my love, and yet she is graceful and beautiful—she seems a part of me, and to take her away would be unable to take life itself!"

A light flaunting figure passed him, and looked boldly in his face. A woman who had once been young and beautiful and proud—to whom sorrow and shame had done the work of years, and left her worn, haggard and almost altogether evil. She flitted away on the same, and her bold laugh echoed through the silent street. He started and looked after her.

"My God! can it be possible,—that, through any act of mine, this innocent young girl will ever be brought so low as that? Oh, Justina—rather, far rather would I never look upon your face again, than to see such a look upon it. It is to save you and myself that I leave you. Farewell—a long farewell—and may God bless you!"

He waved his hand towards the great stone house where our lifted head light shone the clearest, and turned away. A watchman's rattle sprang close beside him—another answered at a little distance—another, and another, till the whole square resounded with the harsh noise. Then came the hoarse and terrible cry—the fearful in its signification to those who are roused from a happy sleep beneath the burning roof, to hear it,—"Fire! fire! fire!"

Saville hurried out to the corner, and looked around. The air was filling rapidly with smoke, and a dozen engines were thundering through the streets to the source of action. He looked on, as one might look in a dream—feeling no great interest, but watching the spectacle, as one might gaze at a picture.

A watchman passed him.

"Where's the fire, sir?" he asked.

"Yonder, in the great stone house," said the man, hurrying forward. "I fancy the basement under way for some time. They say the inside of the house is all in flames now, though the old shell stands well."

The great stone house! It was the home of Justina. And she, perhaps, was sleeping in the flames! For a moment he was stupefied by the suddenness of the shock—the next he darted forward and mingled with the throng.

It was so thick and still. A great glare shone from every window, upon the sea of human faces beneath. And with fear, Saville pushed his way to the front rank of the crowd.

"Where are the inmates! Have they been saved?"

"Not yet," said a fireman, laboring vigorously at the pump. "But there's been a gallant fellow gone up those ladders you see yonder, and they will soon have them out. Ah—there they come!"

A shout of applause rang from them that greeted intelligible, as three firemen stood on the roof, each with a female form in his arms. A fourth figure, which Saville recognized as Alfred, followed, and as they all began their descent, a small gray head perched upon the shoulder of one of the firemen, showed the pet of Justina, thus saved from a fearful death.

"The servants have escaped from the lower floors," said the fireman. "And now there are only stairs in the house. So stick away my brave fellows, with a will. No fires but, thank God!"

Saville echoed his exclamation of praise, and rushed eagerly forward, as the rescued family were safely landed upon the ground. Two of the group—Alfred and his mother, he knew—another, he supposed to be an invalid from the care with which they supported her. He turned to the last, who was still clinging, giddy and faint, to the fireman's arm.

"Oh, my darling!" he murmured, as he bent over her. "God only knows what I suffered until I saw you safe. But I should have been the one to have rescued you, Justina!"

The girl—it was the ladies' maid—started and looked up into his face.

"What do you mean? Where is my dear mistress?"

His white face and quivering lips told her all. She threw back her head, and with a scream of horror, fell down in a fit.

"What is it? what is it?" cried the crowd, pressing around. But Saville was already far away.

"Where is Justina's room?" he gasped, as he reached the side of Mrs. Ernstein. "Speak quickly, for the love of Heaven, or she will perish in the flames!"

"My dear general, how white you are. Justina is safe—a fireman brought her down, just before me."

"Oh, my God—no!" groaned Saville. "It was a servant, and Justina may be dying. Show me the room—quick!"

What he said and had been caught up by eager listeners, and circulated among the crowd. It came to Mrs. De Courcey's ears, and, last. The poor lady lost color and strength, in an instant, and fell, as if she had been dead. Alfred caught her, and gave her in his mother's charge.

"Stay with her—get her away from here"—he faltered—"and if the worst happens—— Good bye, dear mother—I am going to save her, or die beside her."

"Oh, Alfred—Alfred! you will break my heart. Do not leave me now. I never shall see you alive again."

She caught, with feeble hands, at his coat, and tried to keep him beside her.

"Mother," he said desperately, "let me go, or I shall curse you. Would you have me leave one I love more than life, to perish here in the flames? Let me go!"

He tore himself away, and rushed to the ladder. She saw him mount amid the smoke and flame, and with a low prayer to God, breathed for her friend. For a time, at least, her sorrow was stilled. The pitying bystanders, with their ceaseless women to a house near by, and left them to kind hands till all was over.

Quickly as Alfred sprang up the ladder that bent and shook beneath his light weight, one had been before him. One who flew, rather than walked along the long corridor, through the stifling flames, and reached her room.

The door yielded to his touch. Within the room, the flame had begun to creep around their victim, who lay like a child in a deep sleep upon her bed, with her arm thrown above her head, as though sad and quiet, while danger and death were close beside her, as if she had been sheltered from all harm.

"Justina—Justina! wake and come with me!" he cried, throwing his arms around her, and trying to lift her from the pillow.

She woke with a sudden start, and looked up in his face with a cry of affright.

"You here? Oh what does this mean?"

"It means that you are in the greatest danger, my Justina—that the house is in flames. Look around you! Another moment, and I should have been too late! Oh my love—my life—pray for us both! And if we cannot escape, at least we can die together—and you will be mine in death, if not in life."

"Justina—Justina! Oh, where are you," cried the voice of Alfred, who had now reached the corridor, and was rushing blindly through the smoke.

"Do you hear?" cried Saville savagely. "He you love, has come to save you, too. But he shall never take you from me. Cling to me, my darling, and let me raise you in my arms."

She threw her arms around his neck. He held her upon his breast breast, as easily as if she had been a child, and hurried from the room towards the window at the end of the corridor.

But Alfred met him midway there.

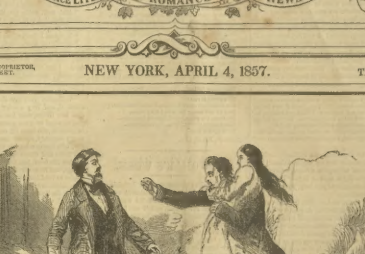
"Where is Justina?" he cried hoarsely. "Have you found her, Saville?"

"I have her here in my arms."

The young man could not quite stifle a jealous pang, even then, at the thought of her reposing there.

"I love you more than I can ever repay," he said, hurriedly. "I will take her now. Come, my poor Justina."

He was about to take her from Saville's arms. But the latter coiled him back so rudely that he staggered.



EUSTACE SAVILLE RESCUING JUSTINA FROM THE FLAMES.

"Do not lay your hand upon her, sir," he said savagely. "I have saved her from a dreadful death at the risk of my own life. She belongs to me, now."

"Justina—you hear what he says," cried Alfred, beside himself with passion.

She clung to him more closely.

"Fool!" said Saville. "Is this a time to stand parleying here, when life and death are hanging in the balance? Everybody will give an account of myself—but here, stand in my way no longer."

He sat more upon the young man from his path, and stepped out upon the ledge of the window. A great shout arose as the crowd below saw the two, when he here, and a messenger hurried off to the house where Mrs. De Courcey had been taken, with the good tidings.

Alfred rushed to the window, and looked down at his rival descending securely, with a savage feeling of hatred at his heart. He was powerless. Struggle as he might, he could not with back the love Justina had given to another—and in the thought, he covered his face with his hands and groaned in spirit.

"Save yourself! Save yourself!" shouted the people below.

He looked around him in bewilderment. Mechanically he stepped out upon the window-sash and placed his feet upon the first round of the ladder. Giddy with the smoke that was pouring in his face, and half stupefied by the shock he felt, he gripped a moment with his hands, grasped in vain at the ladder, swerved a moment—not at first, then fell, and came heavily down upon the pavement, at the feet of the horrified crowd—never more a loving, despairing man, but a body without ecase, quivering in pain and agony.

Justina was nothing of all this. Borne in the arms of Saville, she soon reached the house where her mother and Mrs. Ernstein had taken.

"I must see you, if it is only to speak one word to bless you," he murmured, as he gave her into the hands of her hostess.

She shook her head.

"I do not deserve it," she whispered. "Look to your mother and her friend, and get dressed and rested yourself. I can wait as long as you please. Only one word before I go, for the sake of what has passed to-night, Justina."

She blushed, as she glanced down at her flowing dressing-gown, and remembered how he had borne her through the flames.

"I will come down as soon as I am rested," she said, in a low tone to him.

To Mrs De Courcey and Mrs. Ernstein it was like waking one raised suddenly from the dead, when Justina entered the room. They kissed her, they wept and laughed by turns over her, and reminded all the extravagances peculiar to such times and scenes.

"And Alfred?" said Mrs Ernstein, at last, wiping her eyes and taking breath. "Why did he not come to us with you, to tell us that him for restoring you to us. Go and bring the dear brave boy—I am impatient to embrace him."

Mrs. Ernstein pressed Justina's heart as she heard his name. She had forgotten, in her agitation, that he was safe. And she blushed as Justina she had made, when he had profited his lift for her.

"Oh, my dear girl," continued the fond mother —"when I saw him rush towards the ladder, I felt as if all hope was gone. He is my only son, Justina—forgive me, if, for a moment, I wished you had never been born. But let me tell you, girl, and she placed her hand upon her shoulder—" the devotion of a life can alone repay the generous love which inspired him to shelter—and at the risk of his own life!"

"I know it—I know it!" answered the conscience-stricken girl, feeling as if the earth should open beneath her feet, and swallow her, in punishment for her perfidy. "But Mrs. Ernstein, Alfred did not bring me away, after all."

"How was that? I saw him rushing up the ladder, with my own eyes—and then I fainted, and know nothing more."

"Alfred was there," said Justina, with downcast eyes. "But not quite so soon as one other person, who snatched me from my bed while the flames were all around me, and bore me down the ladder. It was this gentleman who brought me here."

"And who was he?" said Mrs. Ernstein, looking steadily at her.

"General Saville!"

"He took you from your bed and brought you here?"

"Yes, Madam."

"And where was Alfred?"

"There."

"How did it happen, then," said the lady coldly, "that you allowed General Saville to take you away. In so slight a dress, too," she said reproachfully.

Justina's cheek flushed hotly.

"I am aware, Madam, that with flames on every side of them, persons generally stop to make a full toilet."

"Your affianced husband would have been the most proper person to confide yourself to, in such a dress—and not a stranger," was the severe reply.

"Perhaps it would have been wiser to stay and burn."

"Justina!"

It was Mrs De Courcey who spoke, but the reproachful voice had been aroused, and the girl would not answer.

"Where is my son?" asked Mrs. Ernstein, after a momentary pause.

"Stay here. I will go and see," said Justina. In spite of her anger, she was the more free-spirited and uneasy at the silence of Alfred, and had determined to despatch Saville at once, in search of tidings of the young man.

General Saville was lying upon a sofa, looking pale and haggard, and older than she had ever seen him before. But he sprung up as she entered, and held out his hand, kissed her brow.

"At last, my love—my darling," he murmured. "How come and sit down here beside me, for I have much to say."

"Oh, I cannot—I cannot. I am anxious about Alfred," she murmured.

He let her go, as if in sadness had stung him, and looked darkly in her face.

"You love him then, Justina. You love him better than you love me!—say!"

"Oh, if to-day that!" she murmured, bending her head before him submissively. "You said, to-night, that I clung to you in preference to him. But his poor mother is so anxious. And if anything should happen to him, through my means, I should never forgive myself."

"He is safe," said Saville, moodily. "But remember one thing, Justina—neither this man nor any other can come between us now. You have virtually given yourself to me to-night. I have rendered my treasure from the very jaws of death; and he must be a bold man," he added, with an evil look that made her tremble—"that would reach out his hand and try to tear it from me."

A bustle in the passage interrupted him. The door opened, and four men entered, bearing between them the crushed and mutilated body of Alfred Ernstein. A surgeon followed, and showed them where to lay him. The poor young man groaned faintly and opened his eyes as they laid him upon a sofa and left the room.

A voice of thunder seemed saying to the unhappy girl, who looked down upon him in mute horror.

"This is your work—you have killed him!"

She sprang from the side of Saville as if he had been a monster, and kneeling by the couch, took up the poor pale hand and raised it to her lips.

"I have brought sorrow—and it may be, death upon him," she said, in a low strange tone. "But I will not desert him now. I will stay beside him to the last."

"Justina—listen to me," pleaded Saville.

She rose to her feet, and motioned him away.

"Only one word !"

She walked slowly passed him to the door. He would have caught her by the hand, but she drew it away.

"Do not touch me," she said solemnly. "I am going to be brave in the hour of his mother—and let her curse me if she will. As for you—let this be our last meeting. We should never—never meet again!"

She glided through the door like a spirit. With a smothered curse, he pulled his cap over his brow, and rushed from the house.

CHAPTER XI.

THE WELCOME HOME.

I cannot attempt to analyze the nature of Justina's thoughts, as she watched beside the sick bed of her betrothed husband. Remorse and grief sat there with her, night after night, and her full form wasted, and her cheek grew thin, till the physician in attendance grew alarmed, and prescribed a change of air for her, as well as for the invalid.

As soon, therefore, as Alfred was able to bear removal, the whole party set out for Forsyth, the country seat bequeathed to Mrs. Ernstein by her indulgent husband. Here the early days of Alfred's boyhood had been passed, and here, it was hoped, he would recruit his wasted strength, under the shadow of its venerable trees.

To Justina any change was welcome. Continual brooding on one subject had almost made her mad. At heart she felt herself a murderess, wherever she looked upon the wrecked form of Alfred, and remembered that all was done and suffered through love of her, and she shrank from his grave, kind glance, and the friendly touch of his hand, though he had often assured her of his love and entire forgiveness.

Of General Saville she knew nothing. At first, he had called repeatedly, and the mansion was "not at home" of the grave servant, and his constant refusal to deliver any note or message to Justina, seemed to have discouraged him. Subsequently, at night, when Justina, pacing the floor with sleepless anxiety, went to the window and leaned out for a breath of fresh air, her heart beat quickly at the sight of a tall figure, wrapped in a military cloak, that seemed to keep step with her upon the opposite side of the street,—and she turned away before a look or word could pass between them, and huddled from his sight like a troubled dream. She never spoke of him, seemed to be shut out by a shadow by every person in the house.

Alfred was a devoted lover, at heart she was only too lenient towards him. His only crime had been his loving her too well—and here, the deep, strong and strange interest he had roused within her. She could not, in reality, feel that she had injured Alfred by cherishing any love, though her wardlily wisdom taught her so. Her heart was his, and it would become his no doubt, her love was still cherished in her heart. Some strong and irresistible influence seemed to bind her to Saville, which she could never break, and never, in her heart, deny. But Alfred, in spite of this, was loved as tenderly as ever.

It was with a heavy heart that she prepared to leave London, although, at the same time, she longed for new scenes and new thoughts. She came down to the carriage, to arrange the pillows on which Alfred was to lie. When she had finished her task, she stood looking sadly before her, when a step on the soft, green carpet of ground where the ruins of her other home were scattered, made her look up, and there, on a morning so bright and fair, that even grim old Forsyth looked rather terrible—and she sighed heavily as she looked.

Her sigh was echoed back again. She started, turned around, and stood face to face with Eustace Saville. No longer gay and gallant, but pale and haggard, and looking, during ten years older than when she had first seen him.

"Justina!"

The words fell from her lips unconsciously. He smiled sadly, and took her gloved hand in his.

"Justina—my changeful girl—is it you?"

She turned paler yet, and put her other hand up to her throat.

"Oh, why are you here?" she asked. "What evil spirit has led you to this place, when we had good one—has brought us two together. Leave me, Saville; oh, would to God I had never met you!"

He dropped her hand, and stood looking at her with a melancholy air.

"And has it come to this Justina? Are you, indeed, so cruel? You loved me once."

She colored painfully.

"And you love me still," he said, vehemently. "Aye, your lips may deny it, but the heart's blood that throbs against mine, does not deny it. You love me yet—and in the name of that love, I ask you why you have come to this place?"

"General Saville—is this generous? Is this manly? Is this the proper time?" Whatever feeling I may have been weak enough to cherish for you, it is my duty to forget you now. The happiness of another is in my hands, and I cannot prove recreant to my trust. If ever you loved me—and I believe you have done so—leave me now. I hear them moving on the upper stairs. They are bringing Alfred down the carriage. It would never do for him to see you in the present weak state, and I cannot believe you are cruel enough to keep Saville," she added, in an agony of entreaty, "if I do you stand and look at me so. They will be here in a few moments—for God's sake, leave me while there is yet time"

"And never see you again?"

"Never."

"You do not mean it, Justina."

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"It is best—at least he owes to come—that we should not meet. Farewell, Eustace, and may God bless you. For never shall we meet again this side of the grave."

"Is it possible?" he said, with a scornful smile, "that you think me so weak that I can give up at a moment's warning like this. Justina, I do not know how you have loved, but I am incapable of this."

"For my sake, go!" pleaded the girl, as colors and feelings above were became more audible

"And why?"

"They are bringing him down—Alfred."

He did not move.

"You cannot like me so rash, so cruel," she pleaded. "Think what an effect so sudden a shock might have upon him now."

He turned upon her with a fierce exclamation.

"You have no thought for me! You would be your pity and love on a whining boy, and think I will stand tamely by and see him carry off all that is dear to me, without a word. By heavens, no! You belong to me, Justina—and something within me tells me to claim and hold you as I do now."

In the gray dawn of the silent street, he drew her closely to his side, and heeding down, pressed his lips to hers. For one moment it seemed that she must yield, and meet and kiss and all, so fatally strong was his will with him; but the next, strength and consciousness returned, and she struggled to free herself from him.

"It is useless," he said, quietly. "I will not release you till you comply with my condition."

"Name them."

"Tell me where you are going?"

"To Mrs. Ernstein's country seat—Perryth."

"In what county?"

"Dorsetshire."

"Very well. On the evening of the third day from this I shall be waiting for you at the lodge gate of her house. I shall wait precisely one hour. If, at the expiration of that time, you do not come, I shall pass through the gate, enter the house, and see you face to face."

"You will not dare."

He laughed bitterly.

"Will I not? I tell you, Justina, no strong is all bids me to you—so closely are you connected with my very life—that there is nothing I dare not do to win you. Will you meet me there?"

"Oh, leave me—if you love me—if you have any mercy in your heart—leave me!"

"Love such as mine knows no mercy. I can see your thinking upon the subject," he added, looking through the hall door. "You have but a moment, and if you do not answer, at the first I will stay and meet them all. Will you come?"

"Yes!"

"You are wise. And now farewell, my darling. Remember—at the lodge gate, on the third evening—I shall be, and no twilight must find you there now. See that you do not disappoint me."

He kissed her hastily, and passed down the street. Justina stepped from the porch which had sheltered them from any curious eyes, out into the open air, and struck her hand upon her forehead with a feeling of utter despair.

Mr. Ernstein, busy making a long fuss, my dear, I am afraid," said Mrs. Ernstein, as she directed the servants to come down that day by coach.

She started the proceedings with an early meal. All was at length arranged—the two invalids were comfortably disposed—the last necessary charges given to the grave servant, and nothing remained but to get Justina stepped into the carriage, and sealed herself by her mother's side—the door closed the door with a loud slam—the coachman cracked his whip, and they rolled away.

But as the guard lifts from the window at the well-known riverside spot, and looks eagerly for ever, the blood rushed to her cheek at the sight of Saville, who had halted upon the corner to witness their departure. His fixed face as he looked out at him, and smiled. The memory of this interview made, and the hand of the farmer and wife seemed to freshell, filled her with a thousand forebodings, and it was not until they had a long and dismal eye, that she looked out upon the fair, pure day, and the beautiful scenery of the well-wood lovely spots in England, the county of Somersetshire.

The journey had been made by easy stages, on Alfred's account, and it was late on the second summer's day when the carriage drove slowly up the long avenue that led to the house. Justina was tired of the slow motion of the carriage, had felt it to walk for a short distance beneath the trees.

It was a lovely evening. The girl looked around her with a grateful heart. So long accustomed to the smoke air of London, to the white dust that in breathing came to her, laden with health and inspiration. The sky above her was of that heavy blue color, and upon their dark cloud drifted like crimson and purple, while in the west, a very red brightened and deepened into a vivid crimson at the extreme edge of the horizon.

To Justina the long, quiet English twilight had a peculiar charm. They seemed to bring back the pleasant childhood that lay behind her, like a half-forgotten dream. And as she sighed she looked west wandering back to the little red farm-house among the Cumbria Hills. As the day declined, and the sun became's with, there was often the sad mother her friendless youth had ever known; go to the little door, and there in the light from the hall lamp there, a summons to that primitive New England hospitality. She saw the farmer and his wife coming up from the field, while the patient oxen lagged behind, and the fine cows came lowing home. She saw the darkening gather in upon room, and soon, sadly sheltered in the barn-yard—open the kitchen door, and there, bright, with the well-remembered group around the fireside—her father and mother side by side in their great arm-chairs—the kindly faces of the neighbors—and the dark head of little girl, her former self, who sat upon her father's knee, while the parents looked by her side, listening to the conversation of those around her, or drowsily dozing. Large dark eyes fixed upon the fire, such dreams as an imaginative child may know—but nothing sad or strange as her after life had been.

She started and looked around her. Oh! very different from the rough New England farmhouse was the scene that now met her gaze. The setting sun cast its last rays down in a shower of gold, that lingered lovingly on the stone seat from the great lodge gate, before which she now stood. The house itself, though at some distance, was perfectly visible to her. It was a large and finely-designed mansion, built of vari-colored bricks, and with its rose, towers, oriels windows, and balconies enough to satisfy the taste of the most romantic architect.

A smoothly-shaven lawn, in front of the house, sloped down to a music lake, and the grounds themselves seemed in the finest order. The old pictures faded from her mind as this new and beautiful one took their place. Her thoughts went back at the lodge gates a sudden remembrance made her shudder.

"Here I must meet him soon," she said to herself. "It is now the evening of the second day. To-morrow night I shall know all. God grant he may be merciful and generous with me, or I fear I am too weak to withstand him for long. And yet, once I would not have stooped to this clandestine meeting. I would not come here, even for Alfred, before this man. Where has my haughty spirit gone? Why is it that when he speaks I feel that I must obey?—I, whom no one, not even my dear mother, has ever been able easily to control! I shall be be that here to-morrow night—and shall I have seen Hedrique either? I will not have it so!"

As she turned away to watch the carriage, which was approaching slowly, her eye fell upon something white in the hedge beside her. She drew it forth with little interest. What was her astonishment at seeing a note directed to herself! She tore it open and read as follows:

"If I know you, you will visit this place before the appointed hour, but I have a favor of my generous friend's son of prominent service. I am here a train before me, but does not matter, as I shall not stand if intruding upon you before the time specified. But pardon me my anxious desire to be to you—if I may."

"Remember your promise—and meet me here on the third evening. Be sure you do not disappoint me, or I shall pass you there."

There was no signature—no address—nothing that could compromise her, or implicate him; and yet, what a host of triumph ran through the brief letter! How plainly it said to her—"You are in my power, and struggle as you may, you can never free yourself from me!"

She hid the note; and heeding her mien upon her handkerchief, walked on to the house. Mrs. Ernstein fretted her proud, frank spirit; and yet she had been forced into it by circumstances over which she had no control. The peaceful solitude of the New England farm-house rose up before her once more, in vivid contrast with the noise and splendor of her present life; and, leaning against the large gate, standing there, she wished, from the very proud, dark eyes, as she wished, from her very heart that she had been left to grow up in that quiet tranquility, a plain farmer's daughter of the rough New Hampshire hills.

"Why—what is the matter with Justina?" said Mrs. Ernstein, looking out of the carriage window, as the door behind her was opened, and the girl sank down to open the gate. "Are you tired, my dear, or ill?"

"Neither," said Justina, gravely. And advancing to the carriage, she took her place again: "I am not ill, thanking that this was but a sad return for you."

"How so?"

She looked at Alfred, who, from his coolness, was gazing out delightedly at the well-remembered place.

Mrs. Ernstein smiled fondly.

"Oh, my dear, you mistake me entirely. I should be the most ungrateful of women if I was unhappy in on the first night of your visit. I am so far my boy—the fine air of Dorsetshire will soon set you well—will it not, Alfred?"

"Yes, mother," he said, with a dreamy look, as if he had scarcely heard what she had been saying. Then, suddenly, he looked at Justina, and smiled. He heard her, and turned around. Her dark eyes encountered his own.

"Justina," he said, gently, "why do you look at me so?"

"You are so pale, so ill, Alfred—and I am the cause of all."

"Justina—this brawling air has already done more for me than a host of doctors could ever accomplish. I shall soon be well—I feel my strength and color returning. Mother, you should not spare us for

MILICENT, THE MAID.

BY WILLIAM M. PRAED.

In the slope when I was younger, both in spirit and in years,
When my hairs were over-burnished with sunrise, and had not roots for tears,
I had a dear companion, quite too old to be a child,
Yet hardly grown to womanhood, named Milicent, the mild.

She had wealth of auburn tresses, and a pair of calm blue eyes,
Looking out from silken lashes, with a kind of sweet surprise;
And her mouth was like a rosebud, and her cheek was like a rose,
But her smile was like the sunshine, and her voice was like the snows.

Had I ever gems that ever were on Indian forehead bound,
When my spirit was world-weary, when my heart was sad and sound,
She would ask me simply questions, with no meanness in art,
Till I told her all the secrets of my little life apart.

Sitting in the shade of arbutes, in the plain-meadow stones,
I would tell her fanciful stories, I would tell her wondrous tones;
And I very well remember, as though it were but yesterday,
How she listened with her glances, with a kind of thoughtful play.

Nowhere May whose home is holy, Duchess May whose love is strong,
Has come down to us for comfort on the sweeping tide of song!
And I can, how well I remember, hear her fair face behind me,
When she said, "Both love as Duchess May's, in years beyond, shall be mine!"

But one day her arms were folded, mute-like, on her quiet breast,
And enough "little birds sang east," and enough "little birds sang west,"
And, though I stood long in waiting in the presence of the child,
She neither noticed them nor me—loud Mistress, the mild.

"Such love as Duchess May's," she said, "a tame heart denies me;
I often sigh for it in vain, and it comes not;
But when I am dead, I know it will come to my grave,
And that she keeps other love than her's—such love as angels hold.
Who knows this great love while thrives, and writes them harps of gold;

And I go—take pleasure, some gone in a status,
And I go—take pleasure, some gone in a grave,
And my spirit will be happy, for I shall have my love for life and for all,
Had she the broken arrows pierced the white heart of the child,
And not letting spirit free, of Milicent the mild.

THE BANDIT'S DAUGHTER.

Behold, on yonder banks of the Ke, how luxuriant is the green foliage of the bamboo! how exuberant is the growth of the superior rice! As we carve and encrust the ivory, so does he model the human form divine symmetrically.

Three words of the great Confucian might justly be applied to Kang-hy, the second Emperor of China under the present Tartar dynasty, for even "thus elegantly adorned with virtue" was that wise and learned monarch! On the page of Chinese history there shines no brighter name. Although but a child of eight years old at the time of his father's decease, he was elevated to the throne, he even then early manifested a spirit and energy far beyond his years. Declining the incompetent aid of a ruling regency, he threw off their jurisdiction, and took the reins of government in his own hands. He then embraced every opportunity of acquiring knowledge; he was ever open the worried and the distressed, the philosopher and the poet. He was in his distinctly true sense the chronicler, when, fatigued with the cares of royalty, he resolved to visit and reap a remote portion of the empire, attended only by a few of the most faithful mandarins and officers of his court.

After traveling far, and meeting with many and strange adventures, the imperial party, one fatal morning, found themselves upon the banks of a rapid river, which it was necessary to find, now much swollen by the recent overflowing of the great Hoang-ho or Yellow river. The emperor was the first to dash into the turbid stream. The mandarins, afraid for the safety of the sovereign, not to follow their sovereign; but alas, they were lost in the waves instead upon the angry waters! The violence of the current soon swept them from their horses. In vain, with "hasty shouts," the unfortunate men beheld the disaster-threatening wave. Of all that noble band, whose hearts but one short hour before had been filled with the happiest hopes, the emperor alone survived; and he, also swept from his horse, was hurled beyond the reach of human waters; and then cast senseless upon the shore.

It was long ere Kang-hy recovered his consciousness; and when he did so, when the thought as had been his last ere he resigned himself as he supposed to the cold arms of death, he found himself ignorant of their sad fate, he encouraged the hope that they, like himself, had been miraculously preserved. Kneeling where the river rolled its turbulent, discolored waters, he found himself surrounded by a circular range of high hills of the most gloomy, and dreadly wooded with fir and the wild-spreading mountain pine. Notwithstanding his bastation, the emperor proceeded to survey the spot with the deepest discovery of the path which he had thus him to be thrown, but the thickest seemed impervious to the least path or avenue of any kind could be discerned. A second time did he pursue the search, and at the base of the highest hill at length discovered a spot apparently not quite so thickly wooded, and this he resolved if possible to explore. After a laborious forcing a passage through the tangled underbrush, in many places so dense that it would seem impossible for the foot of man or beast to penetrate its intricacies, Kang-hy reached his bollowne way for more than an hour. Then, gradually, he found the ascent less steep, and there beautiful flowering trees shot up their perfumed branches. The shrubbery was here disposed with less freedom, but opened into cool and pleasant glades, and many a lovely wild flower peeped up as sufficient reply as he gratified nearly to on.

With every step the beauty of the scene was enhanced. Beautiful parasitic plants, leaping from tree to tree, formed a drapery of the richest hues above him. Here stood a clump of bright-hued oleanders; there the fragrant magnolia and more rare wooden, or tree-peony, while at a little distance, through the verdant foliage, flashed the silver ripples of a small lake. Birds of exquisite plumage flitted before him, and through the forest odoriously gradually shelled the golden pheasant and the gaudy peacock. No wonder the emperor looked around him in amazement, for beautiful as are the wonders of nature's hands, art had also evidently here contributed her more studied graces, and made this spot so charming! An amphitheatre of high hills, crowned to their very summits with luxuriant forest trees reflected in this bright little lake, and on the soft air he can save the melody of the birds and the soft break of the water over the golden sand.

But he now perceives a beautiful pavilion, reposing like some fairy palace upon the placid bosom of the lake, while tastefully moored close at his feet a gay little pleasure-arena ready to waft him thither. There was no hesitation on the part of the illustrious Kang-hy, so he instantly sprang in, and, yielding himself to the gentle influence of the scene, shot off towards the pavilion, gently guiding the little bark, that the light oar scarcely disturbed the silvery surface. He soon neared the marble stairs, around which clustered the most lovely aquatic plants; among them the sacred lotus reared its magnificent head. He listened with delight. No sound disturbed the delicious quiet; no softly dropping from the boat, he received gently to raise the silken drapery suspended over the entrance.

"Queen of heaven! Is it indeed there I behold! What other can be half so lovely?"

"Is he gone, goddess at all! Only a fair young girl, very beautiful nevertheless, reclining, asleep, upon cushions of rose-colored, richly-figured silk. It would appear her own gentle music had lulled her to repose, for her slender fingers were still entwined amid the strings of a lute, and her ivory lips just parted, as if the song had but that instant ceased to warble forth. The sun blazed too strong for gradually drawing nearer to this lovely vision —as he almost fears it will prove—and gazing enraptured upon her charms! As if on purpose to entice his skill as a musician and a poet, upon a small table rose another beautiful instrument carved and studded with jewels. The already enamored Kang-hy gazed as he would have gazed on a fairy ward, never once removing his eye from that sweet face. Once more approaching the side of the lake, he pushed off a little distance from the pavilion, and then sweeping his fingers gently over the strings, he sang:

"Why do thy years in the sugar veil thy sunny eyes, as does a snowy cloud the heaven's blue, or the snow the water of night? Awake, fair maid!

"Like an ivory sphere is thy polished brow, on which no storm can rest! The gale have but passed over it, and thy excellence! Awake, fair maid!

"Thine eyebrows are like the young crescent moon, set as a cluster of almond blossoms, resting upon the white gem whereover, thy shrine! Awake, fair maid!

"As purple berry strung are thy teeth, through which the sweet breath issues, like the scent of the rose of Cassia! and thy tongue is like the coral which the gem spirit doth! Awake, fair maid!

At this moment one of the silken curtains of the pavilion was slightly agitated, and a beautiful flower, thrown by a small, white hand, fell at the feet of the emperor. Kang-hy seized it, and the lips (even as "barbarian" lovers are gently apt to do), he placed it to his bosom, and then raised the lute to a more tender strain. But even as he sang, the maiden rose, closely veiled, and, springing into a small boat, which had lain concealed amid the shadowing leaves of the lotus, swiftly impelled it to the shore. Here she threw her cloke around to overtake her. Like a bird she sprang from the boat, and reached the river. Clapping her little hands, four men upon the island issued from the thicket, bearing a palanquin, and ere the boat of the eager pursuer touched the shore, all had vanished—but how, or where, he knew not. Unfortunate youth! he was the unsuspicious of his imagination! Was all that had so charmed him a mere dream? Or the spirit of some sylvan deity, overpowered by fatigue and excitement, imagined by his heated brain, and so he abandoned, in a dream!

It was, that he was borne upon the wings of some beautiful bird, far up, amid the hills, and then through caves where ten thousand flashing lapers opened around the effulgence of the sun's rays. Strains of soft music filled the air, and now him floated a lovely spirit, even as before, with the sweet face as the enchanting nymph of the lake. He awoke, and found himself lying upon a bed of leaves, within a dark and gloomy cavern; and in front of the bright goddess of his dream, he was surrounded by men of fierce and savage appearance.

"Wretch!" cried one, brandishing a cimeter over his head, "whether this page be dead or not, I dared to penetrate within the sacred bounds of our dominion, by the ten kings of darkness, thy head shall answer for it!"

"Ha! Call!" exclaimed Kang-hy, springing to his feet, fiery flashing from his eyes, and with the spirit thy hand against thy sovereign! Lay down your arms, all ye who reject this day to the true your emperor Kang-hy stands before you! Bow your heads! Kneel!"

But this announcement was received with loud shouts of spurious laughter.

"Ha-ha, I counsellor!" cried the first speaker, in a jeering tone. "Give attention to the lord of ten thousand years! Tremble before the face of the celestial monarch," sons of heaven,' teacher to the moon,' 'cousin' to the sun! Ha-ha! Kneel! Bow to-day! before our imperial visitor! Ha! No! Ha! Then ha, ha! Down with the rebel and usurper!"

Kang-hy, who, raised his hand, and struck the emperor a blow upon the face.

Thingy would it, but at that moment; for at the instant, the enraged Kang-hy, wresting his cimeter from his grasp, gave at one fell stroke the head of the haunting Ching-yah rolled upon the ground.

Surprise and horror for a moment paralyzed the robber band; then with a furious shout they rushed upon their captive.

"Revenge!" suddenly exclaimed a soft voice, "revenge upon the villain who has slain one of your chief. Stand back, I command you!" and as the words fell back in sullen obedience, there the graceful female gifted to the side of the defenceless monarch. "Sheathe your cimeters and withdraw!" she continued; "the daughter of your chief commands. I alone will guard the captive."

But one, more furious than the others, pointing to the dead body of Ching-yah, and then into the dungeon to await the doom of desolations!

Whether the people of the place were in the secret his fate? Death is a just reward for tyranny and insult!"

The robbers immediately withdrew, bearing with them their rich comrade and the body of Ching-yah. Kang-hy now found himself alone with his fair preserver, whom, it is needless to say, he had immediately identified with the lovely vision which she was still closely veiled, but her form was light and graceful as the bending reed. Applying a small silver call to her lips, several attendants immediately appeared, whom she ordered to bring refreshments, and in a few moments a delicious repast of fruits and cakes was placed before the emperor.

"Stranger, enjoy the bounty which the god's send us!" she said, gracefully motioning him to be seated. "Now listen to me. Something is more me that then act of noble birth: but from the sacred, I have known the dignity and exalted. Death is decreed to every stranger who enters within these dominions. But though my indecension the mighty chieftain Low-yan will offer thy choice—to die or join the band. Accept the latter, betray no confidence, and in a week thou shalt be free."

"And thy heart?" answered Kang-hy, "thou divinest well. I am indeed the Emperor of China, but by stern will, and by my abdication of the meant my paternal care, to be with thee I would willingly renounce both throne and kingdom!"

It is a fine words to the ear of the maid to which his present misfortunes were owing. "Now speak of thy people, O generous maid," he continued; "in thy noble resolve to rescue me from captivity it will be thy security for success. Take it—but rather let me die than that thou, goddess of my soul, should suffer danger or fatigue for my sake!"

The youthful Tou-ta blushed not for a moment that it was in reality the emperor who addressed her. Kang-hy could not be mistaken—all of his air in adoration had not her royal lover prevented.

At that instant there was the sound of a trumpet, mingled with gongs and other instruments.

"Back! my father approaches!" exclaimed Tou-ta. "Remember, Do as thy humble slave has said, and thou shalt be free! Speak not—move not—but meet no more!" and the maiden hastily with drew.

"We meet no more!" These last words rendered the emperor almost distracted. "We meet no more! Is this possible? Can it be that I have found my empire almost to lose it? Can it be that I am in adoration had not her royal lover prevented.

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"We meet no more!" These last words rendered the emperor almost distracted. "We meet no more! Is this possible? Can it be that I have found my empire almost to lose it? Can it be that I am in the power of a gentleman, who had in his country an estate with vassalage of Indians, and hoped his birth would have made him a prince? Can it be that I am indignity. Lieoukalo persisted in the kind of treatment that had already pronounced upon which Agnire petitioned that it might be allowed to him, and he should not survive it. Such was the guidance, and from that quality not liable to sor excellency that he might be hanged. But though Lieoukalo appeared all his life, before he came to power, to have no of any sad trouble the position, he was so changed by his office, that those who knew him the intercourse he had had the more gratify his insolence; and during the very time of their hostility for the prisoner, he insulted them also, by commanding with a haughty tone that his orders should be executed that very instant. Agnire was not used to such constraint, much the whole town flock together; but the principal inhabitants, who were not ignorant of the character and pitying a gentleman in the condition of Agnire, went to the governor, and brought the prisoner to his servant, they found Agnire already brought before the governor, and mounted on a stool, with the posture wherein the basest criminals are subjected to the lash. His friends cried out, "Take off, take him off," and proclaimed their order for suspending his punishment; but the youth, who knew not what it was only put off the time of days, rejected the favor, and said, "All my endeavors to please you have been unable to change that head, and from the shame of being seen naked; but since things are come thus far, let the sentence proceed, which will be less than the fears and apprehensions I have of it." Lieoukalo, who was a man of the governor's cruelty, made it visible that he was not to cause severe punishment to escape the affront.

Under this indignity, Agnire could not be persuaded (though the inhabitants of Potosi often importuned him from the spirit they saw in him) to make any submissions, but continued obstinately to behave himself with a modest salience in his countenance, which made such a shame as his was look to be more be his only remedy and consolation, which he found not even in his noble spirit and courage.

Under this melancholy he remained in Peru, and lived in a little the coffee of Esquivel employ'd after which, like a desperate man, he pawned and followed him, watching an opportunity to kill him himself for the shame of the late affront. Esquivel, being informed of this desperate resolution of Agnire, by many undertakings to be revenged

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MRS. SIGOURNEY,	MARY STANLY GIBSON,
MRS. VAUGHAN,	OLIVER SINCLAIR.

In addition to the above unequalled array of distinguished authors, we are favored with occasional contributions from scores of other popular writers, as will be seen by reference to our columns from week to week.

THE COUNTRY SAFE.

The bugbear of danger from expansion of territory, which has agitated the croaking prophets of our country, and of Europe, is becoming an obsolete idea. What warnings have not been given to the "Model Republic," to hold herself in check, to be careful how she oversteps the barriers of rivers and mountains, and boundary nations. Each step in the path of annexion, whether she compassed wilderness by treaty with its savage owners, or purchased territory from neighboring States, or conquered it in wars forced upon her, has been a fresh occasion for predicting danger and destruction to the Union. How often has the image of Rome, broken by her superincumbent weight, been suggested as an example of what would ensue to this Republic if she did not sternly limit her growth.

How few have comprehended that time and space are no longer the arbiters of the destiny of nations, when the eternal principles of equality, freedom and justice, become the triple genius of government. This Union has already expanded beyond the farthest bound marked by the imagination and prophecy of its founders. Comprehensive as were their ideas, they saw the Mississippi on the very horizon of New World Empire, and we doubt if the most enthusiastic of the "Fathers" dreamed of the Republic reposing its western side against the Rocky Mountains. In less than a century from the birth of this Union, it has passed both river and mountains, and now points with the impatience of restraint against the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. The thought of limit is now only a memory. Still the Republic gives no sign of weakness. Every step on the four lines of the compass has but strengthened the colossal figure that made it.

Republicanism, as developed in this prodigy of nations, is the common, universal want of all men, of all nations, and if the great Globe were its arena, it would be as potent to rule and satisfy a thousand million of souls, as it now is to rule and satisfy twenty-five millions. Science, art and enterprise, have destroyed the rocks of *time* and *space* on which old Empires foundered, and the reduction of Government to its true elements—the equality and sovereignty of the people—has left nothing to prevent the whole world from becoming one nation, even as its races are, and ever were, under God, but one great human family. The continent is less broad as a prospective boundary of our Union, now, than was the outline of the Mississippi a century ago. A century hence, when the cruel art of war shall live but in the memories of men—a hemisphere will seem narrower than does a continent now. Differences of language will be of little account, when ideas and interests are united. Toward that point the world is moving. Republicanism is fast ripening in the heart of the human race. Once ripe, its principles will crush the social, political, and religious antagonisms of races, and the two hemispheres (God grant) will be but two mighty nations. But for the ocean there need be but one.

VARIETY THE RULE OF NATURE.

If there be one peculiarity in the works of God more noticeable than another, it is the infinite variety which they present. Variety would really seem to be contesting with "order" the precedence of being "Heaven's *first* law."

Inspect the different natural objects around you, and observe carefully the wondrous diversity of which we speak. Not a tree of the forest is precisely a fac-simile of any other tree, however they may "look alike" to the careless eye, of which the poet has sung:

> "Who visit nature with a careless eye,
> Admire the work, but pass the *leaves* by!"

Neither are the limbs and branches of the same tree alike—no, not even the leaves! So it is with the grasses and the flowers—so with the lower orders of animal life—so with the individuals of the highest order, man himself. If you doubt this inference, look again, and more carefully. Show us the two human forms, or human faces, that have been found invariably alike, on close and minute inspection. They cannot be found.

But look at the temperaments, the casts of countenance, the tones of voice, the gestures, the locomotions of the most *resembling* persons within the whole range of your acquaintance—and tell us, frankly, if variety is not the rule of nature?

Mrs. Southworth's New Story will shortly be commenced in the Ledger. It is a charming production, and cannot fail to add largely to the reputation of the distinguished authoress. All the novelettes that Mrs. Southworth writes hereafter will be published only in the Ledger. She will not write a *single line* for any other paper, and no other paper has any authority to announce her name as a contributor!

THE INSANE!

Who can speak the word "*insane*," without the accent of emotion?—who write it without a point of exclamation?

Alas! for the insane! Their fates is full of the most painful associations—for what is insanity but the condition of an immortal mind in ruins!

But we designed not the mere venting of emotions over our theme. We had something more practical in view, suggested by a current event. It is that of a young lady sent to an Insane Asylum. After her departure from her home, the cry of "mystery" is raised, and censure is pointed at her friends, as those guilty of cruelty. Statements are called forth, from her physicians, to the effect that she was wisely taken to the institution, and, that the only ground they found for censure, was, that she was not sent several years ago. We know nothing of the facts in controversy. Nor are they essential to our point. It only concerns our purpose to enquire *why* was not the patient sent sooner, supposing that to have been necessary?

The answer is probably this: Because her friends were prejudiced against the very *name* of "Insane Asylum." But why prejudiced? Because this class of institutions were long, and not without some serious reasons, thought of as *prisons*, and their management associated with cruelty, rather than kindness—and this reputation clings, more or less, to them still. No wonder, then, that the poor victims of insanity are retained at home, to their injury.

But the management of these institutions—thanks to the wise and benevolent Pinel, who led the way to reform, and to Esquirol Haslam, Connolly, and the superintendents of our asylums, who have profited by their teachings—has been completely revolutionized of late years.

Half a century ago, the lunatic asylum *was* but a prison. Its regulations included not only confinement in gloomy cells, but the most cruel punishments, the thought of which is enough to make ones blood run cold! *Then*, the misapplied cold shower-bath, the straight-jacket, the chain, and the cruel scourge, wielded by crueller keepers, told the sad tale! *Now*, the visitor, instead of the unmistakable evidences of these wicked appliances in the countenances and actions of the insane, observes smiling faces amid groups engaged in social converse, or health-giving exercise, or useful labor! A vast increase in the ratio of the restored has been the consequence of the change—so, that now, parents and others under the advice of physicians of wisdom and disinterestedness, should not hesitate to send their dear ones to the asylums, thanking Heaven for the beneficent reform to which we have directed attention.

DRONES!

The habits and traits of animals, through all the orders which Zoology has made in its classifications, from the mastodon down to the most diminutive insect, are full of instruction to man, and they have furnished not a few of the most striking and expressive analogies of our language—often the simple name of the individual animal expressing our thoughts more clearly than a dozen of less emblematic or figurative words, as when we speak of mammoth size, snail pace, &c. How striking the analogy between a hive of bees and a community of men. In every community we find people who answer to the two classes of bees—the workers and the drones.

There is nothing more creditable to be said of a business man, than that he is "as busy as a bee." But what is more discreditable, in the whole vocabulary of language, than the epithet of "drone." Who, with the least and feeblest spark of manhood left in his bosom, would run the risk of such an epithet applied to him with the slightest ground of applicability? Surely, no one!

Young man! have you the doubtful advantage of wealthy parentage? Have you been wont to persuade yourself that there is no necessity for your having a profession, or trade, or business of any kind? You are lamentably mistaken, if you have. Correct the mistake at once, lest it prove to have been the "mistake of a lifetime," when too late to correct it.

Don't be a "drone." Do *something* for the sake of your own physical health, and mental contentment, to say nothing of higher motives. Do something that shall make yourself, while living, feel conscious that you live for some useful purpose, and justify your neighbors in saying, when dead, that you were a "useful man."

Shame on all the "drones!"

NATURE VS. LAW.

Never did nature utter a more decided or instructive protest against law than in a contest for the custody of a child, waged, in one of our courts, between its parents. The hearing being adjourned, the question of the care of the child in the interim coming up, something was said about leaving the decision of it to the counsel for the father.

"If you do that," exclaimed he, with beautiful frankness, "I shall certainly give it to the care of its mother, though in so doing I should act in derogation of my client's legal rights."

To understand the bearing of this declaration, it should be borne in mind that the common law gives children to the custody of the father, when this question comes up, unless it be shown that he is an unfit guardian, in the legal sense. But what was law, when nature was appealing to the heart of the lawyer himself, through the screams of a little child, and the tears of its bereft mother, as in this instance was the case? Manhood at once rose superior to Law, and Nature was vindicated in her claims!

Verily, there must be something wrong in a law that snatches the babe from its mother's bosom, and gives it to the father, when he chooses to live apart from its mother, or they are apart for other cause. Why not reverse the common law, and make the *mother* the custodian in all cases of separation, unless cause be shown why she should not retain possession of their offspring, as is now required to be shown against the father? Surely, she is its *natural* guardian—why not make her the *legal* one too?

Mr. Cobb's Stories.—A correspondent informs us that a certain daily paper in Pennsylvania is publishing one of Mr. Cobb's stories; and he wishes to know if Mr. Cobb writes for that paper. We reply, emphatically, *no*, he never wrote a line for it. The story in question is an *old* one. Mr. Cobb has not written a line for any paper, either daily or weekly, during the past year but the Ledger, nor will he write a line for any other paper for several years to come. So great is Mr. Cobb's popularity now, that this Pennsylvania daily paper and one other concern, seeing they cannot get any of his *new* ones, are glad to pick up some of his *old* tales that he wrote during his boyhood, and which he now considers very inferior to his present productions. All these old tales of Mr. Cobb's have been published in book-form, but those which he writes for the Ledger can never be had anywhere, or in any form, but in our own columns.

FRESH FERN LEAVES.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1858, by Robert Bonner, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

HAS A MOTHER A RIGHT TO HER CHILDREN?

Most unquestionably, law or no law. Let us begin at the beginning. Let us take into consideration the physical prostration of mind and body endured by mothers antecedent to the birth of their offspring; their extreme nervousness and restlessness, without the ability for locomotion; the great nameless horror which hangs over those, who for the first time are called upon to endure agonies that no man living would have fortitude to bear more than once, even at their shortest period of duration; and which, to those who have passed through it, is intensified by the vivid recollection (the only verse in the Bible which I call in question being this—"She remembereth no more her pains, for joy that a man-child is born into the world.) Granted that the mother's life is spared through this terrible ordeal, she rises from her sick bed, after weeks of prostration, with the

precious burthen in her arms which she has carried so long and so patiently beneath her heart. Oh, the continuous, tireless watching necessary to preserve the life and limbs of this fragile little thing! At a time, too, of all times, when the mother most needs relaxation and repose. It is known only to those who have passed through it. Its reward is with Him who seeth in secret.

I speak now only of *good* mothers; mothers who deserve the high and holy name. Mothers who in their unselfish devotion look not at their capacity to endure, but the duties allotted them, (would that husbands and fathers did not so often leave it to the tombstone to call their attention to the former). Mothers, whose fragile hands keep the domestic tread-mill in as unerring motion as if no new care was superadded in the feeble wail of the new-born infant. Mothers whose work is literally *never* done; who sleep with one eye open, entrusting to no careless hireling the precious little life. Mothers who can scarce secure to themselves five minutes of the morning hours free from interruption, to ask God's help that a feeble tired woman may hold evenly the scales of domestic justice amid the conflicting elements of human needs and human frailties. Now I ask you—shall any human law, for any conceivable reason, wrest the child of such a mother from her frenzied clasp?

Shall any human law, give into a man's hand, though that man be the child's own father, the sole right to its direction and disposal? Has not she, who suffered, martyr-like, these crucifying pains—these wearisome days and sleepless nights, *earned* this her sweet reward?

Shall any virtuous woman, who is in the full possession of her mental faculties, how poor soever she may be, be *beggared* by robbing her of that which has been, and, thank God! will be, the salvation of many a down-trodden wife?

FANNY FERN.

THE SOUL—AND THE STOMACH.

There is a good old man. His head is white—his form is bent—his step slow and tremulous. Life has no charms for him and the opening grave is full of terrors; he wanders up and down—up and down—wringing his withered hands, and says, "I have committed the unpardonable sin; I am lost—lost—lost." They who love him, and their name is Legion, look on dismayed at this good father, good husband, good neighbor, good Christian; and one of them says to me, "why, if your God be merciful does he afflict his faithful servant thus? God is not good."

God is good, though all else fail, and we like insects creep and complain; God is good. It is not religion that makes the old man gloomy—it is not, that the word of God shall not stand forever; but He who has bid us care for the soul, bids us also care for the body. "If one member suffer, all the other members suffer with it." If we neglect the laws of health, and abuse our bodies, *even in his service*, he does not guarantee to the delinquent, a strong mind, an unperverted spiritual vision—clouds and darkness will come between us and the Sun of Righteousness, and though we shall feel after Him, we shall grope like children in the dark. It is an earthly physician, which such as that old man needs; a tonic for the body, not a sermon from the pulpit. Let him lean upon your arm, lead him forth to the green fields, where every little bird sings God is good; where waving trees and blossoming flowers pass the whisper round with myriad voices; take away the old man's psalm-book, and let him listen to that anthem, and as the soft breath of spring lifts his white locks from his troubled brow, the film of disease will fall from his eyes, and he too shall sing that God is *good*.

Never lay upon the back of Religion what Dyspepsia should shoulder; the Christian warrior, no more than any other, can afford to neglect or gorge his "rations" when preparing for battle; nor if either faint by the way, in consequence, is it to be laid to the commander.

FANNY FERN.

FOOTSTEPS.

> Wind that criest and moanest so,
> Come to my heart and say
> If there be any steps in the snow,
> Leading down this way!
> Stoop from the black and stormy wood,
> And say if the steps you see,
> For I had a dream that bodes me good,
> And what else can it be!

ALICE CARY.

Worth Remembering.—There is a limit to enjoyment, though the sources of wealth be boundless; and the choicest pleasures of life lie within the ring of moderation.

Leave a coquette to the fools that flatter around her; let her own fireside accommodate a scold.

CONGRESS OF NATIONS.

We have already suggested the vast benefits that would result from a Congress of Nations, earnestly assembled to establish a uniformity of currency, weights, and measures, throughout the world. A still grander and nobler movement would be a Congress of Nations to establish universal laws for trade and intercourse between all civilized nations—to unite empires, kingdoms, and republics, upon a mutual basis for protection and progress, and regulate all international affairs by peaceful reference. It is idle in the nineteenth century, with our recognition of Christian principles, and the brotherhood of man, for warriors or statesmen to contend for a code of blood to sustain national interests, defend national rights, or settle national differences.

> "Diplomacy, despite the evil blood in man,
> Still ends the feud the warrior's sword began."

The laws that govern nations are but an enlargement of those regulating individuals and societies, and appeals to violence and blood by hostile nations, are as useless and wrong as those of individuals. The magnitude of injustice or crime may obscure its atrocity; custom may sanctify it—for we have consciences formed somewhat by custom and education—but the acts of governments, in the eyes of equity and right, are in the measure of common sense but the acts of individuals aggregated. As a human, civilized, and especially Christianized being, man submits to society, is governed by higher laws than personal impulse and will, and except in violation of his compact, cannot assert his rights or redress his grievances without reference to society.

Why, then, cannot nations, which are the offspring of societies, be governed by rules of equity, rather than by edicts of blood? Why, under a law of nations, regulated by such a Congress as we suggest, cannot every State receive that protection which the hamlet, village, or city receives from the State? All that is required is a Constitution based upon justice and right—one to which nations can appeal with confidence, when aggrieved—one that shall have no quibbles to delight ambitious statesmen and tyrants, but which can measure the differences of nations as easily as our simplest statutes measure those of neighboring men. Let such a Congress meet and determine on a universal system of commercial and political intercourse, and pledge the nations to abide by that system, and war will be at an end.

War is terrible, even for liberty and right, but it is a horrible thing when waged to uphold wrong, and as has been the case in the history of all past time, wars have been far oftener waged for the wrong than the right—oftener to advance wicked ambition, oppression, and mistaken honor, than for freedom, justice, and truth. The best energies of the world, for thousands of years, have been sacrificed to a false and barbarous system of national intercourse. The law of rude force, which is the law of the brute and the savage, has dictated to Cabinets and Senates; the passions of men have been permitted to overleap judgment and justice, and awful miseries have followed in the wake of almost every government on record. The blood, toil, and treasure of millions have been sacrificed in every generation—the peace of families and the harmony of nations have been destroyed—widows, orphans, and plunderers have been everywhere created, and all without accomplishing more than a step toward the end proposed by war. Conquests by weapons of blood have never been permanent, and according to the principles of right they cannot be. The world has been taxed, drugged, drained—national debts and horrors have been accumulated—whole peoples have been beggared or enslaved, and yet there is no principle established to define the boundaries or rights of nations, or to adjust their differences, except war. War!—upon which misery and ruin build their hopes and their fiery altars. War!—which festers and debauches nations—which mocks at the repose and luxury of peace, at the plenty and comfort of unwasted harvest-fields, and annuls the harmonizing force of religion, literature, science and the arts.

We suggest a Congress of Nations, that the world may be rid of this hideous sacrifice. To save the cost of armies and fleets—to remove national debts and taxes, and to dispel the death-gloom which war shakes from its horrid wings over all the earth. Such a congress, acting in the light and spirit of this age, might break down every wall and barrier—remove every great suffering—unite all the nations, and at once develop a truly humanized world. Who or what could resist such a combination of civilized states, pledged to stand by each other for the right? Fighting nations would at once become anomalies—warriors would exist only through their old trappings, stored as curiosities in the show-cases of museums, and that beautiful and God-like spirit, Concord, would smile over the whole earth.

The regulations of such a Congress need not abridge or cramp the growth of the future. Despotism may fall and freedom expand, without interfering with the true principles governing a family of nations. The future area of liberty or oppression, democracy or aristocracy, will depend on the *people*, and not the governments of the world. The tide of humanity, flowing upwards into the light, will legislate for itself as it rises. Let there be, then, a Congress of Nations. Let us try the diplomacy and reference to which nations are ever forced, even after they have squandered oceans of treasure and blood. Let man prove that his mission is higher than a bully's or blood-hound's, and that he can, everywhere and always, regulate his life by the principles which God has universally written in the undepraved human heart, and which are opposed to brute-force and blood.

Truth.—Truth is always consistent with itself, and needs nothing to help it out; it is always near at hand, and sits upon your lips, and is ready to drop out, before you are aware; whereas a lie is troublesome, and sets a man's invention on the rack, and one trick needs a good many more to make it good. Truth can live in all regions, flourish in all soils, and become naturalised in all climes.

Choice in Marriage.—Lord Byron used to say that a man ought to marry by all means, although he owned that the greater part of marriages are unhappy. A man cannot be happy without a wife. Yet it is strange what little real liberty of choice can be exercised on most occasions. Many a man, too, fancies he marries by choice, whereas he marries only by compulsion.

A man's troubles are born and grow with him; by habit he becomes able to endure them. They who go out of the common track to speculate upon happiness, not only have, but deserve, a larger share of misfortune than they who keep on the well-known beaten track, contented with being moderately happy.

In literature, as in morals, there are a certain taste and grace, which confer dignity on moderate acquirements; and there are a negligence and grossness that disgust, even when accompanied with incontestable superiority.

CURRENT ITEMS.

About fifty carcasses of veal, some of the calves, it is supposed, when slaughtered, not being more than three or four days old, and the meat, consequently, unhealthy, was seized last week, at the Washington Market by Health-Warden Hicks, from the City Inspector's office. He at the same time arrested and held to bail the person buying them, who belonged to New Jersey. Such is the sort of stuff that we New-Yorkers have to run the risk of eating!

The men of the Revolution have nearly all passed away, their works emphatically "living after them;" and those who struggled in the second war for independence—the men of 1812—are also leaving, in rapid succession, the busy scenes of life, their work having truly been well done. Last week the Veterans of the war of 1812-14 paraded and paid the last tribute of respect to the memory of a deceased fellow member, Mr. Daniel Hainer, who died in this city.

A woman who had robbed a man while drunk, a few evenings ago, on being arrested by a policeman in the third story of a house in Worth street, threw up the window and leaped to the ground—a distance of fifty feet! When she struck the ground, she uttered one of the most horrible screams that ever issued from mortal lips. Both of her ankles were broken, and her spine was fatally injured.

Over one hundred sail of clipper schooners are now prosecuting the halibut and cod fishery on Georges and the Western Banks, from the port of Gloucester, Mass. Some of the number have been very lucky so far, this Spring. A schooner arrived some days since, after being absent only nine days, with 70,000 pounds of fine codfish, which sold for about $1 50 per hundred, the crew sharing about $80 per man.

Incredible.—A few days since, two little schoolboys were missing from Winstead, Conn., and fears were entertained that they had been drowned. They were found, however, the same evening, seven miles from home, having started to go to California, because they had "such hard lessons to get," and were afraid of being flogged if they did not get them. This seems almost incredible, yet it is a fact.

The prophecy of Dr. Cummings, a Scotchman, that the affairs of this world will be wound up on the 13th of next June, is creating considerable excitement in Paris. The smash will be caused by a tremendous comet coming in contact with the earth. Other "learned Thebans" say that the comet is coming, but they do not believe in the "smash."

The ticket swindlers are as busy in this city as ever. A young man was last week swindled out of five hundred dollars by one of these villains. He bought a ticket for a California steamer, but on presentation he learned that it was worthless. Strangers should look out to whom they pay money in this city.

A few Sabbaths since, a rascal attended church in Grand street, and during the services picked the pocket of a lady of a portmonnaie containing $58. He also attempted to pick the pocket of a man, but was detected, arrested, and marched off to the Tombs.

A Bounty Land Warrant for one hundred and sixty acres, says the Washington Union of Saturday, was, on Friday, issued to George Peabody, the London banker, for his services as a private soldier in the war with England in the year 1812.

A bull-dog gave proof of the tenacity with which his species hold on, a few days since, by seizing a cow by the nose, in Fulton st., Brooklyn, and holding his grip until he was kicked and beaten senseless.

The newest idea in our Board of Aldermen, is that the city set up a great Insurance Company, and a Special Committee has been appointed to report upon the matter. This would be a new field of plunder!

Mr. J. Bolles has just completed an Artesian well for the city of Baltimore, on the south side of the basin obtaining a large supply of excellent water, at a depth of 94 feet.

On the 20th of April there is to be a parade of fifteen thousand citizen soldiers in this city.

WIT AND HUMOR.

A "Pat" Question.—In a jolly company, each one was to ask a question. If it was answered, the proposer paid a forfeit; or, if he could not answer it himself, he paid a forfeit. Pat's question was—"How the little ground squirrel digs his hole without showing any dirt about the entrance?" When they all gave up, Pat said—"Sure, do you see, he begins at the other end of the hole." One of the rest exclaimed—"But how does he get there?" "Ah!" said Pat, "that's your question; can you answer it yourself?"

Have Away.—The Scotch have a habit of telling their servants, after meals, to "have away," instead of to "take away." A sweet young lassie was married to an Irish gentleman, who, on hearing her tell the servant, after breakfast, that she might "have away," quickly remarked, "Arrah, be aisy, love? if you tell her she may have away after that fashion, depind upon it she'll be always having a *way of her own!*"

Recommendation of a Lady.—The younger Miss Cushman was congratulated one day by Rogers (the poet) on a report of her approaching marriage. She denied it, adding that she did not think it probable that she should ever marry, as she had not met any one of a manly tone of mind; if she ever married, it would be with one of a strong masculine nature. "Indeed," replied the wit, "then why don't you marry your sister?"

Drunkenness in Sport made Sober Earnest.—"Tell me," says the querist, "which should be preferred, brandy-in-water in their combined state, or brandy and water separate?"—"Verily," replies the philosopher, "brandy-and-water in union represent mingled delight, but the spirit and the pure element in their divided condition constitute unmixed satisfaction."

Inauguration Prices.—*Corpulent Gentleman*—"How is it you charge me thirty dollars for my share of bed on the billiard table, when you have only stuck my friend here for ten?" *Gentlemanly Clerk*—"Well, sir, we've only charged you by the square inch, the same as everybody else—you cover more space than your friend—that's how it is!"

In a certain benighted part of the country may be seen on the outside of an humble cottage the following inscription in large gilt letters: "A seminary for young ladies." This was, perhaps, too abstruse for the villagers, as immediately underneath there is added, in rude characters: "Notey beney—allso, a galls skool."

The Rail Cure for it.—We see it stated in the daily papers that it is proposed to remove the railings which surround the Brick Church property. Would it not be better first to do away with the "railings" of the Herald on that subject? Will the Daily Times answer?

At a recent trial in Wisconsin, the subject of controversy was a demijohn of whiskey, which was ordered to be brought into court. The defendant was tried, and so was the whiskey—in other words, the whiskey was drunk, and so was the jury.

There is a village out west so healthy that people can't die there, but are obliged to go to the next town if they are tired of living; and there were two men who lived there to be "so old" that they did not know who they were and nobody could tell them.

Morning Reflections.—Magistrate: What has brought you here sir? Prisoner: Two policemen, please your honor. Magistrate: Then I suppose liquor had nothing to do with it? Prisoner: Yes, sir; they were both drunk.

"Ma," said a little girl, who had just commenced her lessons in geography, "whereabouts shall I find the state of 'Matrimony?'" "Oh!" replied the mother, "you will find that to be one of the United States."

The Same Thing with a Difference.—"Don't you understand me, Jim?" thundered the old man. "Why, you must be quite a fool." "True, I am very *near* one," meekly replied Jim.

They say that trumpet-players are doomed to short lives. We doubt it; we have known men who blew their own trumpets incessantly, and achieved a good troublesome old age.

If you wish to hear all the evil in people's character, wait till they get married. If you are desirous to learn all their good qualities, wait till they be dead.

Mr. S——, is your customer B—— a man to be trusted?" "I know of no one more so. He is to be trusted for ever; he never pays."

Why is a sword that is too brittle like an ill-natured and passionate man?—Because it is *snappish* and *ill-tempered*.

As the diamond is found in the darkness of the mine, as the lightning shoots with most vivid flashes from the gloomiest cloud, so does mirthfulness frequently proceed from a heart susceptible of the deepest melancholy.

SPRING.

BY C. D. STUART.

What are the footprints of the Spring?
When frogs jug wood, and robins sing,
When 'mush the wood-anemone, creeping low,
The sky assumes a summer glow—
First flower of spring—our lowelier star,
Dashed from complacent pride's partners;
When rains, coerce freed from snows,
Abroad her honeyed dreams disclose;
When dandelion, from its nest,
Darts to yellow bobbin jonquil;
When cowslip—where the meadows brim
With the first waters—bends to skim
Enough to keep fairyangs in the moon;
When water to wing the shower hum;
When spring-spring dower to kiss the dawn;
And around the moist and brow;
When, overhead and all around,
Goes up a soothing, dreamy sound—
As if all joyous, fathers thanks
To virtuous cheese bent their wings.
1857.

KARMEL THE SCOUT;

OR,

THE REBEL OF THE JERSEYS.

A STORY OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTIO

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.,

AUTHOR OF "THE GUARDIAN OF MORGAN," "THE GUILD-MASTER," ETC., ETC.

Entered according to act of Congress, in the year 1870 by Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Southern District of New York.

CHAPTER XXXI.

ON THE RACK.

When Rosalie Lincoln knew that Robert had been taken from her—that his deadly enemies had seized him—and that Karmel had been taken with him, she was so completely overcome by anguish and terror that for a long time she was utterly powerless. She sank upon a seat, and would have fallen to the floor had not Andrew held her up. He and Kate tried to comfort her; but it was of no avail. She could not weep—she could not even moan. Her heart had sunk, like a thing of death, in her bosom, and the very blood had left its power. Her eyes glared wildly about at first, and then sank dimly down. They brought water and chafed her temples, and bathed her strong brow.

At length she gazed up. There was a faint, pallid smile upon her pale features, as though she would thus express her gratitude for their kindness.

"Alas! I am surrounded, yet I need not look for my brave. You cannot reach the place of my agony!"

As she spoke she pressed both hands upon her heart, and held them there a long while.

"Do you say all hope is?" urged Andrew.

"They may make their escape."

Rosalie looked at the poor girl, in a startling tone. "Oh! do not mock me. Have not their deadly enemies got them? Were there not many soldiers?"

"Yes—many—a large company. Had there been but a few, they should not have known him."

"I believe you, Andrew. I know your noble heart, and your generous mind; and I know your courage, too. But what can save Robert now? Do you not know the order that has been given concerning both him and Karmel?"

"Yes—yes—"

"Why do you hesitate?"

"Alas! Rose, I did not think of that order! Oh! I would to God there were a company of Patriots here!"

"It's too late!" the maiden groaned. "There are none in the place. They are all away. Oh! Robert! Robert! Would that I were with thee, so that I could but rest my head upon thy bosom once again, and then breathe my life away with thine!"

"You would not die, Rosalie?"

"Die? If he dies why should I live? Could I but get a sight of some place of torment and there cherish the memory of the lost ones, I might at least be spared the coming of the dark angel; but see what a lot must be mine. Oh! Robert! Robert!"

At that word Rosalie removed her hands from her heart and placed them over her eyes; and as she did so she fell into a deep, dark vision, in which she had died since the terrible agony had come upon her.

"Come, Rose," urged Kate, winding her arms about the neck of the weeping girl. "Come—let's go up to our room."

Rosalie looked up through her tears, and was upon the point of speaking, when a loud knock was heard upon the outer door.

"Hide me! hide me!" she cried, starting to her feet.

"Your father?" repeated Andrew with a sudden emotion. "Your father—at this time?—Ah!—he knows of this, then?"

"And he has had it all done!" she added, in an agonized manner.

Another rap, louder than the first, came upon the door, and Andrew hastened to open it. But before he left the room he turned to the maiden and spoke:

"What shall I tell him, if it is your father?"

"Tell him—tell him—that I cannot go to-night."

Andrew left the room, and in a few moments he came. He opened it, and saw a man who carried a lantern in his hand, and as soon as his eyes became set to the gloom of the night he recognized Sir Arthur.

"Do you sleep with plugs in your ears?" the baronet asked, savagely.

"I did not hear anything about neighbors' houses after midnight!" replied Andrew, quickly and pointedly.

"But you house runaways, sir!" continued Lincoln.

"When they run away from villains and tyrants!" added the youth, very independently.

Sir Arthur mingled for some moments to find an appropriate phrase ugly enough to express his feelings; but he found it he seemed to realize that he was making a fool of himself, so he carried his passion and opened upon the business of his visit.

"My daughter is here?" he said, interrogatively. There was a fire in the eyes of Josephine flashed through the gun-smith's mind; but he gave it up ere it was formed, for it could avail Rosalie nothing; so he replied,—

"She is, sir."

"I will go in and see her."

There was another momentary struggle in the young man's bosom. Should he allow the applicant to enter, or should he try to protect the fugitive? But what could he do? Sir Arthur had low upon his side, and that was all powerful. It was a hard alternative, but he could do nothing else; so he moved back and allowed the baronet to enter. He led the way to the little sitting-room where the two girls sat, and the visitor followed him.

Rosalie knew too well who had come. She felt it in the sinking of her heart, and in the new pain that came to her head. She tried to prepare for the meeting; but she could call up no power of endurance. She heard that well-known, stately tread; and under the impulse of unconquerable fright she closed her eyes and pressed her palms hard upon them.

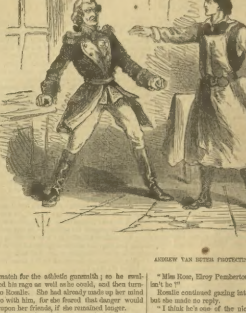
The baronet advanced and placed his hand upon her arm.

"Rosalie," he said, in a tone which at once betrayed the effort he made to hide his anger, "you will go to your home. Do you understand?"

"*How?*" she murmured, without looking up.

"You—with your father?"

"I have no home, *sir*. Oh! I have no home!"



ANDREW VAN BUTEN PROTECTING ROSALIE LINCOLN.

"No home, Elroy Pemberton is a very fine one, and you shall have it."

Rosalie continued gazing into the woman's face, but she made no reply.

"I think he was one of the nicest, and finest, and most beautiful-est young men I ever saw."

"Will Rosalie make no answer.

"I s'pose there's men as good as he is; but then when you know a man—when you've known him from a boy up—why, then he seem's kind o' nearer like, ye know."

Still Rosalie said no reply—and then the woman resumed, with a forced smile upon her face,—

"I don't doubt that Elroy may have relatives as is very good men. I know some of his cousins. I have known 'em a long while. I may say that some of 'em nobody knows better than I do. But I must say that there ain't one of 'em—no, not one of 'em that can begin to compare with him. I love Elroy—he's sich a nice man."

Rosalie raised her the speaker's face with an expression of bitter contempt upon her pallid features, and that line she replied,—

"Did my father bid you speak to me thus?" she said, in a tone of withering rebuke.

"O—bless yer soul—no. *He* don't know what's think of Elroy!"

"Then I do not care to know. If you have any duty to perform in this room, you are at liberty to do it; but I must request you to conduct yourself to yourself. You served Colonel Lyndhurst well. Perhaps you are about to serve my father with the same degree of faithfulness."

"O!—you're up, aren't ye?" uttered Mrs. Reed, as her head bounced forward, and her fat hands found its power again, lasht it! D'yer s'pose I care for your sneers?"

Rosalie's face flushed, and the color came to her cheeks; but she made no reply, for she knew that she could not oppose; but not from a miserable bardling who had let her body and soul to a work that was base in the extreme. She arose from her seat upon the side of the bed and went to the door and opened it. There she met Andrew back in the room, and gazing sternly into the fool woman's face she ordered her from the room.

"Why—a—what d'ye mean?" stammered the housekeeper, gazing first upon the door, and then upon the calm, noble face of Rosalie.

"Go!" pronounced Rosalie, deeply and impressively.

"Go?" repeated the woman, as though she did not comprehend.

"Yes—go!"

"But d'ye s'pose I wouldn't?"

"Then I shall go! Where you hold your foul presence I cannot stay!"

As Rosalie thus spoke she moved towards the door. Mrs. Reed hesitated a moment, and then she slowly followed her. She was transcending the bounds of her duty in forcing her presence upon the maiden, and she found she might lose her new place if complaint were made.

"O—you needn't work yourself up into a passion," she said, very considerably more subdued. "I didn't want to stay where I ain't wanted. Nobody can't never be sich a fool as to s'pose that they think they can find any better!"

As Mrs. Reed spoke Rosalie returned to her seat; and when she saw left alone she lost the tension that had supported her, and wept. But she soon recovered herself, and then went to the bed where her breakfast was. She sat some, and drank her coffee, and then she laid down a short by the bed.

The simple eating of that meal breakfast was an important event to her. It was as the last step in her prison. Before breakfast her father would not see her; but after—after the next event must be his coming; and with a bowed head and painfully beating heart she awaited it!

CHAPTER XXXII.

AT SEA.

As soon as Sir Arthur Lincoln had eaten his breakfast, he put on his hat and walked over to the office of the justice whom he had engaged to perform the marriage ceremony. But he found the office closed. He went to the house, and was there informed that the Squire had gone to Morristown, and would not be back before the next morning. This was bad. He returned to his dwelling, and found Elroy Pemberton just arrived.

"How long before we will get at work?" asked the young man, after the usual remarks incident upon such a meeting.

"A cure upon the luck!" cried the baronet, folding his hands together, and starting across the room.

"Why—what has happened?" asked Elroy, eagerly.

"That infernal lawyer has gone to Morristown, and won't be back till morning."

"Isn't there any body else who can do as well?"

"You must remember, sir, that there is something peculiar about this," said the host, rather abruptly, considering to whom he was speaking.

"I know it. But then you have me for your side."

"I don't know about that. I doubt if any minister in the town could be trusted to attempt the work."

"Ah!"

"Yes, sir."

"But why?"

"Why—if Rosalie refused to answer they would not give it."

"But would she dare to refuse?"

"Would she dare?" repeated Sir Arthur, stopping and gazing half sarcastically into Elroy's face. "I should think you knew her well enough by this time. *Dare?* She'd dare anything. You may be sure that no power of earth can make her raise her lips if she has made up her mind that she won't. She's like her mother—Like her mother! Ha! What a wretched fool I am!"

"A what?" uttered Elroy, in amazement.

"I was speaking to myself, sir!"

Elroy said "O—ah," and then took a seat; and ere long the other did the same. A silence of some moments ensued, and finally Sir Arthur recalled—

"Well—I don't know as it will make much difference, after all. He'd be back to-morrow morning, and we'd have this done right by. As for the man, I was never so thwarted before! It does seem as though the fates were against us."

"Is it the money," suggested the young man.

"Yes, sir," answered the host, emphatically. "There can be no more thwarting. The girl is mine, and I'll show you that Rebel villains, they're on their way to the gallows by this time?"

"Yes, sir," returned Elroy, about an emphatically as the other had done right by. "I'll see to the man, I was never so thwarted before! It does seem as though the fates were against us."

"Is it the money," suggested the young man.

"Yes, sir," answered the host, emphatically. "There can be no more thwarting. The girl is mine, and I'll show you that Rebel villains, they're on their way to the gallows by this time?"

"Yes, sir," returned Elroy, about as emphatically as the other had done right by. "I'll see to the man, I was never so thwarted before! It does seem as though the fates were against us."

"Then we have nothing more to fear," resumed Lincoln. "I will be until morning, and then we'll have the thing done as soon as the Squire comes home. I'll have him here the first thing!"

"But Rosalie—you have her—"

"Don't give yourself any uneasiness on that score," said the woman here upon whom I can depend, and she has nothing else to do beside taking care of the girl. So she's safe enough."

In the meantime Rosalie and her poor rough-ly-disposed guardian sat below.

He sister at length, and it was near noon. There was a look of triumph mingled with the sternness upon the face now; and he seemed to regard the girl more in the light of a subdued one than as one who was yet to conquer.

"Well, Miss Rebellion," he said, taking a seat near her, "I hope you feel to-day?"

Rosalie looked up into his face, and after a moment's hesitation she replied—

"I feel very badly, sir."

"Ah! I am sorry for that. I had hoped that the effect of your home would soon be felt."

The poor girl started in astonishment at this remark. The words did not mean much, but then they had a deep significance to her. They were of themselves trifling and ironical; and then they were spoken in a manner that she had to believe that he almost felt pleasure in her suffering. Or, at least, after—after the next event. What can he might have for a strange dog!

"Treasonable meaning!" he continued, seeing that she did not speak. "the grand event will come off. All preparation is made, and there will be no hitch about that time. I came up here merely to inform you that you may make such arrangements about your dress as you see fit. In the morning there may be no time—you may be married by daylight; and perhaps not until the middle of the forenoon. But be married to-morrow forenoon you will, if I have to do it myself."

"For?" said Rosalie, gazing fearfully up.

"Yes. I have the power to do it. But I shall not, if I can avoid it. However, that matters not. I simply wish you to know that you are liable to be called on at any moment after day-break to-morrow; and you are as liberty to make such preparation for the event as you please."

Rosalie said nothing in reply, and without further remark the baronet arose and left the room.

During the day, Sir Arthur went over to the residence of the justice again, and this time he met the hostess herself. She told him her husband would return that evening—that the servant had only been informed that he would not be in his office until morning, and hence the reply Mr. Lincoln had received on the previous visit. She bade the woman say to her husband, on his return, that her attendance would be required at the time thing in the morning. Having received a promise that the message should be delivered, the baronet took his leave.

The day passed away; and when the evening came, Rosalie sat at her window, and cast out upon the scene. One by one the stars set themselves in the dark azure vault; and when they were all twinkling there, the maiden heaved a deep sigh, and a tear rolled down her cheek and fell upon her folded hands.

"My mother is there?" she murmured to herself, as she gazed off to the heavenly lights. "Oh, how happy I should be if I thought I were going now to join her in that world of light! World that my spirit were even now wending its way up those diamond steps to the throne of my Host Father! And I might meet Robert there, too?"

This last thought seemed to have come suddenly upon her, for she started upward, and a look of shudder shook her frame. She could not, as she looked out upon the evening scene, and felt the soft, balmy air fan her fevered brow, help wandering back in memory to the old scenes long passed away. She remembered how she walked out on such evenings with him whom she now supposed dead; how they had talked of the joys the future held in store for them; and how much they had enjoyed the fanciful pictures they had painted in time to come.

These thoughts crowded thickly upon her, and the hours passed away without note of time. Those moments were not, perhaps,

"Sacred to such as glimmered at they passed,"

but they were moments devoted to viewing the worn and broken jewels of the heart, that had "glittered" in times gone by.

The sound of a clock-bell broke the stillness, and she listened. One—two—three—four—and so on to twelve! Was it possible!—Midnight! It was only a few moments ago that she had been down by the window!

Twelve o'clock! Midnight! *Morning!*—morning of the new day! Morning of the day that was to see her the crushed and broken thing her father would make her!

"Hell on—on—on!" she murmured, clinging her hands to her heart, and pressing them there. That had become a habit with her of late—that clinging to the region of the heart—when the fell pain threw—deep, fearful pain: "Hell on, yo—on! Hast—and—ad on as swiftly as you can. In thy mystic lights thou holdest the destinies of our race, then roll out my poor pilgrimage here, and let me escape while sleeping. Oh! I am not fit! Hast on—it must be all joyous up there! Can I come? Can I come? Can I come now? Canst thou hear my prayer? Whisper to me, if thou hast! I am lonely! I am lonely!"

As the poor girl spoke these last words, she raised her clasped hands high above her head, and she had risen from her seat, and stood by the bed. A few moments she remained so, and again she murmured:

"Come—come—come! Mother—come?"

Slowly she arose, and moved towards her bed. She laid her head upon it, and wanted once. In deep gloom she prepared for her couch, and ere long she was locked in the arms of Morpheus. She prayed that she might not have another night of such horrible visions as she had had on the night that were passed. Finally, with her mother's name half pronounced upon her lips, she sank to sleep.

She lay there, buried in profound slumber, for a long while. And then she awoke from her long length she dreamed. Others said she dreamed; but she did not know that she dreamed at all. It; but she did have to this that there was more than one world in which she lived.

She was wandering by a gently murmuring brook, in a sweet wood. Robert was by her side; and they were talking gayly of the days that were fixed upon his handsome features. They talked of the days that were gone by, and of the days they had done many times before. It was a strange wood to her, and she found her lover strange to him. He told her it was called the Wold of Fate, and that the torrent which she was dashing and rotating was the River of Death. She shuddered at the tone of his voice, and yet she could not understand why she was so fearful of dying.

"A river!—a torrent!" she said: "What mean you?"

"See!" answered Robert, in a startling tone: "Are those eyes opened now?"

Instantly a deafening roar burst upon her ears, and upon turning she found that the brook had become a river, and that the trees were dashing down with furious force, and rocks and stones were rolling by. The earth became shaken, and clung more closely to her companion.

Suddenly the heavens were overcast, and the sun grew dim and red. She looked up and saw above her, and upon looking up, she saw the top of a mountain of fire, and from the top of it a cloud about to burst upon them. The sprung upon one side, but it was not so with Robert. The flood caught him—it was gone—he entered one quick cry of dismay—and then he was borne away.

Rosalie wrung her hands a. —w. She cried out for help, but there was no one to hear her. Then, on, on—never ceasing the flood bore her on, though it had been the first with it away into the darkness her companion carried—and then she rushed. She now noticed that the sun was dim, and that the moon was gone; yet she observed that the stars were standing about, and she looked for her lover. They pointed to the window. She looked, and there, in the distance, was a form, and from the outer end of that long Robert by the side of Karmel. She was overjoyed to see that they were British soldiers who stood about, and she had no more courage to sat for help.

As she would have called out, there came to her ears a voice, and she felt an invisible power seize her by the hair, and lift her up. Up—up—up she borne! She closed her eyes in terror, and as she did so, she felt herself set down. She gazed around her, and she was back in the same sweet wood, and close by ran the murmuring brook. But her lover was not with her.

Presently a suit gathered before her—ground about her, and a light glimmered out from it, and a voice said—

"Fear not—I am with thee!"

It was her mother's voice. She gazed up, and there—directly before her—stood her mother.

The same old smile was upon her face; the same hard look of love beamed from her soft eyes; and over all was spread a joyous, hopeful expression which at once purified the hauteur of the daughter's soul.

"Rosalie, my beloved child," spoke the bright presence, at the same time traversing her arms, "I say unto thee, fear not! A spirit of power is over thee, and a spirit of faithful love is about thee. The wicked shall not have power forever!"

"Mother! Mother! Shall I come and be with thee?"

"Not yet, my child—not yet. But thou art blessed. Angels watch over thee, and a good spirit guides thee."

Rosalie would have spoken again, but the presence melted away into the new misty light; and soon it was all dark. The maiden started; she found the light gone, and she did as she awoke. She started up in her bed and gazed around. The first streaks of coming day were already relieving the gloom; and the stars were disappearing from the heavens.

It was some moments before the maiden could fairly understand her situation. The strange dream she had just experienced was so vividly fixed upon her mind that she could not at once discard herself of the idea of its reality. She looked around to see if that bright presence were really gone.

But the truth gradually worked its way to her mind, though she felt that her prayer had been answered. That her mother had appeared to her she tried to believe. It was a happifying thought, and she could give it to that.

The light was breaking gradually in upon the darkness of the parlor, and she felt sure that she felt that she could step no more, she arose; and having thrown on her garments, she sat down by the window. One bright star was yet visible, and she watched until it became swallowed up in the glory of the greater light that was breaking in all the sky. She still felt the agony of the fate that was fixed for her; but yet the enemy of that fate had also did much towards rendering her calm and collected. She had made up her mind that they should not see her weep; and also that they should not have from her one word of consent to their plan.

As the morning advanced she fixed her toilet as usual, and then sat down to the accustomed meeting of her breakfast. She would not draw for a wedding, though she knew that such garments were similarly appropriate therefor. If she assumed such a garb she would thereby tacitly acknowledge that she recognized the authority that they might perform; so she had merely clothed herself as usual, and that she should be ready for the event.

Her long Mrs. Reed came with the breakfast. She set the tray upon the table, and then turned to the maiden.

"Miss Rosa!" she said, with a very palpable spice of triumph in her tone. "You'll be wanted in a short time to the parlor."

"Were you bade to tell me so?" the girl asked.

"I was, Miss. Yer father—a good, kind, noble, reverent, handsome, most-sinful" as yet genial father she was—told me to tell ye so."

"I understand you."

Mrs. Reed waited for some moments to see if Rosalie would not say something more; but she evidently had a whole broadside of remark ready to let off if she could only have the starting hole at.

The fact was, the woman had a bit of vengeance in store. She had not wholly forgiven the maiden for the indignation she had experienced of the day before. She meant to draw her intended victim out. Hence her first remark was made it tell short of its object. Rosalie gazed into her face a few moments, and she saw nothing that could entertain one of her disgust. So she very quietly said—

"Perhaps you are not aware that your presence is very disagreeable to me?"

"Eh?—My presence?" uttered the woman in astonishment.

"I hope you understand me. Rather than starve, I would be willing to bear the infliction of your presence long enough to submit of your bringing my food, and then removing it in your plates. If you have such an element in your moral composition as compassion, I beg of you to leave me to my leaving me?"

As the maiden thus spoke, she moved to the window, and gazed out into the garden.

"Well!" gasped the confounded woman, gazing after the girl with a look of astonishment and disappointment. "I declare! Some folks is mighty nice, I guess! Wonder if they'll be when they get a husband! Ahem!"

She looked at the maiden, but she had not the power to move her; and when she became assured that Rosalie would not reply any more, she gave her head a majestic toss and swept from the room. When she was gone our heroine turned towards the table, and finally seated herself before it.

But she could not eat. Food was repulsive to her, feeling as she felt then.

"You'll be wanted in a short time in the parlor!"

The words still rung in her ears, and bothered her heart. They meant a lifetime of suffering and woe to her!

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE GATHERING STORM.

There were three persons at the breakfast-table of Sir Arthur Lincoln. The best sat in his usual place, with Elroy upon his left and the lawyer upon his right. The latter had received an invitation to breakfast with the baronet, and he was not the man to make such an opportunity. "Ah—ahem—I left breakfast with my friend Sir Arthur this morning"—or yesterday morning,—or any other morning that passing time might have left in it. That was what he could say to a client, and so unscrupulous inside of written law as was could add. This, however, was his wish—not his usage.

"Shall I help you to some more of this toast, sir?" said the host, out of mere politeness; for he supposed the Squire had done eating.

"Yes—no—my friend, I mean no good. And you may give me another piece of that meat while you are about it."

Sir Arthur helped the gormand to a plate full.

But the man's stomach had had a certain capacity, and finally he had to stop and say: "He dished much to do it, as the tasteful look towards the toast and meat plainly told; but he couldn't help any more, so he leaned back in his chair and wiped his lips and drank.

"Now, sir, I'm ready for business," he said, looking upon the baronet with a patronizing smile.

"Thank you," returned the host; and after a short pause he added,—"I suppose you know what you've got to do?"

"Certainly, sir. I know it very well."

"And you remember that my word is law—that what I say for my own household must be done?"

"Most assuredly, sir."

"And you know that I can bestow my daughter's hand in marriage, even though she objects?"

"Of course; you can, sir."

"But you'll remember the point, Squire. The girl may refuse to marry."

"O—but we'll make no difference. When I ask the questions, if you see she aint a-goin' to answer, you must answer for her."

"I'll do so. And now let's prepare. How is it, Elroy—do you feel prepared for the solemnity?"

"Well, I do think I do, sir. I love your daughter, Sir Arthur—I love her truly. But yet, I tell you plainly, that I'll marry her and be a more only for revenge. By the mere, she's harled me in her heart at my proud conduct, I think."

"I don't blame you, my boy. I think when there are ready-counted dollars in one with her hand, I have some right to my where it shall go.

This last remark was directed, apparently, to the attorney, and he said—

"Why—of course you have. You would be a fanny man if you didn't."

"I believe all is ready," resumed the baronet. "Come, we'll adjourn to the parlor now. You and Elroy can go in there, and I'll rejoin you before you have had time to fidget."

The lawyer and the youth went into the parlor, while the host ascended to the apartment of his child.

Rosalie still sat by her window, and was gazing vacantly upon a stone without. Her face was very pale, and her hands were both in that attitude which we see the Madonna in. Her cheeks fell upon the sister—she turned and listened—and then arose to her feet.

Presently the door was opened, and Sir Arthur entered. He walked up to where she sat down by her, and having seated him her upturned face a few moments, he said—

"My child, all is ready, and I suppose you are prepared."

"Sir," repeated the poor girl, trembling in spite of her efforts to appear calm.

"Aye—all is ready. Are you prepared?"

"Prepared!" she uttered in the same vacant tone.

"You know what I mean. Are you ready?"

"I have prepared for nothing, sir. You have power. I am but a child, and I am helpless—helpless. Do as you will; but ask no nothing."

For a moment the baronet seemed inclined to be angry; but when he looked upon her face, he was marked features before him he turned his head fair away, and said,—

"Then come with me. Shall I lead you?"

"I can follow, sir."

"Very well. Then be it so. Come."

Thus speaking the man moved towards the door, and Rosalie arose to follow. Once she stopped and pressed her hands upon her brow, and then moved on. They reached the hall, and the host laid his hand upon the latch of the parlor door; but he heard no sign behind him. He turned, and saw Rosalie leaning against the wall at the foot of the stairs.

What she could! She looked so ghastly pale she thought she must be! He hastened to her side, and took her hand.

"Rosalie!"

She looked up, and a fearful tremor shook her frame. Then, with a startled expression, she gazed quickly about her.

"Did you ask me?" she asked, in a hurried whisper.

"Are you ill?"

"Ill? Sir?"

"Are you sick? Are you out of your head?"

Once more the maiden pressed her hands upon her brow and closed her eyes.

"I hear you," she whispered; "and she spoke to me. She said—"

"What did she say?" asked the baronet, whose mind, naturally superstitious, had become fastened by the girl's strange, earnest manner. "What did you mean? Come, tell me, I say!"

"Are you not a fool?" she asked, in a hurried whisper.

"Are you sick?—thank God, no?"

By this time the baronet had recovered himself, and his self-possession was fully restored. Looking upon the point of speaking, when Rosalie, with a sudden impulse, laid her hand upon his arm.

"Mercy!" at this moment ejaculated the first lawyer, trembling like an aspen. "The yard's full of men!"

"Ha!" cried Sir Arthur. "Treason in open day!"

"Fool!" spoke Karnel, in a tone of such withering contempt that Lincoln fairly shook from head to foot. "Do you not yet know the truth? You do. Shut yonder blood-crazed viper is partly right—mad, and apparently treason in open day-light; and more at hand if they are needed. But come to the parlor—come! I am the monarch in my own house, and I will be done, sir, if you dare to resist one atom!"

In the meantime Elroy had been measuring his cousin's frame more with his eye. He was by no means partly thought if he would be safe to attack the baronet, and also within the lawyer; but he felt in his self that it was in reality Robert Pemberton who stood before him—the same Robert who ought to have been dead, and who had been supposed so.

"Not dead yet!" he at length muttered. "Not dead yet! Curse him, he knows me! I have nicely contrived plan has failed you."

"Yes, my plan!" repeated Elroy, trying to appear surprised.

"O—you need not make strange of it. We understand each other. Come, come, Lord, and called a band of the enemy into our State!"

"Sir Arthur, I tell you I didn't do it!" the young villain cried, utterly frightened by the fear that he might again be burdened by that crime.

"No one said that," cousined Robert. "I know all about it. I understand you, sir."

"Then what do you mean?" asked Sir Arthur, in a whisper.

"Mean? Why, that you are a fool!" was the reply, with a shudder. "She said 'twas the Angel of Death with unto me!"

"Ha! Just so she spoke to me!" exclaimed the baronet, with a quick start. "But I'm afraid of her. Seeing his thoughts as quickly as possible, "It is but a phantasy of the mind. It means nothing but a dream—come."

"Will you not spare me?"

"Spare! Spare! Haven't you had tried that enough. Spare them? You are blind! Come, there is no time to waste."

When Rosalie had seen him so moved she had thought him touched with some little spark of sympathy. But she knew better now. It was but a dream; and when she mentioned the appearance of her mother's spirit, and it was not heeded, it was his own phantasy that he could not resist the temptation to set an explanation. The result may have startled him for a moment; but it was not lasting—nor did say fear remain; for if the presence of the dead had been something to meet have meant that the daughter would soon join her mother. And he was not the only one that thought so. Rosalie held the same opinion.

Again the baronet placed his hand upon the latch of the door, and this time he opened it. As he did so he turned towards his child and offered her his hand. She did not refuse it; so she took it, and was conducted into the apartment. She saw Elroy Pemberton, but she would not say a word was one of loathing; but a sense of the position he occupied towards her alone sickening upon her, and she bowed her head in pain.

"Elroy, Elroy," spoke the baronet; "she is ready for your cousin."

It was as the last step to the stake—like the hollowing of the flagon about the deceased one. She looked up into the face of the lawyer—she knew him—she knew that her prayers could never move him. But her father! And he would not say anything that could not run his own neck into the noose.

"We'll do no affairs in double quick time?" said the lawyer to the baronet, with a sly wink; for he spoke there was a cold, heartless smile upon his homely face that gave peculiar point to his words.

Before Rosalie heard that speech she was ready to submit; but her mind changed as if by magic. Should she, while she had life and reason, allow those men to crush her forever? Those words betrayed to her the spirit of the man. Submission would have been for the paltry gold she would bring him. Her father would be rid of her for ever; and the attorney stood ready, for him, to do the work! The cord was touched, and the spirit of the maiden she could die; but she would not do that man's will!

"We'll do the affairs in double quick time!"

The words went thrilling through her soul, and a new being was awakened into life.

"Sir," she said, and her voice was strong. She knew it; for she saw a dark smile upon Elroy's face, in answer to the words of counsel to the lawyer!

"I have ever regarding her as a mere slave, whose peace—whose soul—was nothing!

The thoughts darted through her mind like lightning, and she started back.

"Come not here!" she cried, turning upon Elroy with a flashing eye. "Come not here, I say! Come not be your wife!"

"Ah! What's to pay now?" exclaimed Lincoln.

"I will not be his wife!" she uttered, moving back to the door. "I know your plans—I know your hearts. I will not be his wife!"

"Rosalie!" cried Karnel.

"Never! Never!"

"We'll see!" hissed Sir Arthur, stepping quickly to her side and seizing her by the arm. "We'll see whose wife you'll be!"

"Sir! Father! Oh, God! Do anything you will—but not his wife! Never! never!"

As she spoke she threw back the strong hand that held her and sprang to the door. She had no fixed purpose—she only felt from her destination! She was her mother's spirit, and she would flee! The hall, where the baronet caught her again with more force.

"Girl—are you mad?" he gasped, almost whirling her around with the violence of his grasp. "Do you imagine I will put up with this longer? By my soul's salvation, if ye break from me again, I'll throw you down and trample you! Will you submit, I say?"

"Never! never! never!" the frantic girl screamed.

"Hush! See!—Hark! You've already drawn the passers-by to the house! There are footsteps in the yard now! Where is Elroy?—Here—hold this cane down!"

"No! no! no!—Never!" cried Rosalie.

"Hist!" hissed Sir Arthur, in his fearful wrath and vexation; and as he did so he tried to clap one of his hands over the girl's mouth.

Meantime Elroy hastened out into the hall, and to the door; but he was too late. He had just heard the words, "Never! never!" when the door was thrown suddenly back, knocking him at the same time down.

"In Heaven's name, what means this? Rosalie, what would they do? What have they done?"

The maiden looked up. She knew the good eye as she spoken—and in a moment more, with all the fear and hate that she had held up against him held her, and threw herself upon the bosom of her mother.

"Robert! Robert!" she gasped, "they have not killed you! Oh, they have not!"

"No, blessed one. But tell me—they have not harmed thee?"

"Not as yet—thank God, no!"

By this time the baronet had recovered himself, and his self-possession was fully restored. Looking upon the point of speaking, when Karnel, with a sudden impulse, laid his hand upon his arm.

"Mercy!" at this moment ejaculated the first lawyer, trembling like an aspen. "The yard's full of men!"

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"Fool!" spoke Karnel, in a tone of such withering contempt that Lincoln fairly shook from head to foot. "Do you not yet know the truth? You do. Shut yonder blood-crazed viper is partly right—mad, and apparently treason in open day-light; and more at hand if they are needed. But come to the parlor—come! I am the monarch in my own house, and I will be done, sir, if you dare to resist one atom!"

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"Ha!" cried Sir Arthur. "Treason in open day!"

"Fool!" spoke Karnel, in a tone of such withering contempt that Lincoln fairly shook from head to foot. "Do you not yet know the truth? You do. Shut yonder blood-crazed viper is partly right—mad, and apparently treason in open day-light; and more at hand if they are needed. But come to the parlor—come! I am the monarch in my own house, and I will be done, sir, if you dare to resist one atom!"

In the meantime Elroy had been measuring his cousin's frame more with his eye. He was by no means partly thought if he would be safe to attack the baronet, and also within the lawyer; but he felt in his self that it was in reality Robert Pemberton who stood before him—the same Robert who ought to have been dead, and who had been supposed so.

"Not dead yet!" he at length muttered. "Not dead yet! Curse him, he knows me! I have nicely contrived plan has failed you."

"Yes, my plan!" repeated Elroy, trying to appear surprised.

"O—you need not make strange of it. We understand each other. Come, come, Lord, and called a band of the enemy into our State!"

"Sir Arthur, I tell you I didn't do it!" the young villain cried, utterly frightened by the fear that he might again be burdened by that crime.

"No one said that," cousined Robert. "I know all about it. I understand you, sir."

"Then what do you mean?" asked Sir Arthur, in a whisper.

"Mean? Why, that you are a fool!" was the reply, with a shudder. "She said 'twas the Angel of Death with unto me!"

"Ha! Just so she spoke to me!" exclaimed the baronet, with a quick start. "But I'm afraid of her. Seeing his thoughts as quickly as possible, "It is but a phantasy of the mind. It means nothing but a dream—come."

"Will you not spare me?"

"Spare! Spare! Haven't you had tried that enough. Spare them? You are blind! Come, there is no time to waste."

When Rosalie had seen him so moved she had thought him touched with some little spark of sympathy. But she knew better now. It was but a dream; and when she mentioned the appearance of her mother's spirit, and it was not heeded, it was his own phantasy that he could not resist the temptation to set an explanation. The result may have startled him for a moment; but it was not lasting—nor did say fear remain; for if the presence of the dead had been something to meet have meant that the daughter would soon join her mother. And he was not the only one that thought so. Rosalie held the same opinion.

Again the baronet placed his hand upon the latch of the door, and this time he opened it. As he did so he turned towards his child and offered her his hand. She did not refuse it; so she took it, and was conducted into the apartment. She saw Elroy Pemberton, but she would not say a word was one of loathing; but a sense of the position he occupied towards her alone sickening upon her, and she bowed her head in pain.

"Elroy, Elroy," spoke the baronet; "she is ready for your cousin."

It was as the last step to the stake—like the hollowing of the flagon about the deceased one. She looked up into the face of the lawyer—she knew him—she knew that her prayers could never move him. But her father! And he would not say anything that could not run his own neck into the noose.

"We'll do no affairs in double quick time?" said the lawyer to the baronet, with a sly wink; for he spoke there was a cold, heartless smile upon his homely face that gave peculiar point to his words.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

MARCH.

Of all the months in the year, perhaps the March is the most wished and fretted at—the month of fact people, who like early to spade their gardens, and start their plans, dislike his stiff winds and blustering moves; for they play havoc, sure enough, with early peas and radishes. Neither is he much prated by the poets—on the contrary, the entire crew of them have pretty generally turned their backs on him in their bidding and request. Spring April is greatly more admired—decidedly and justly more admired than even June made to wear on the smiling face a dream of spring, but March, poor March—there are few or none as do him reverence. He is the unloved of the year as it were, and is by common consent driven from fashionable doors. We pick his feature and his form out from without aid or comfort. But for my part, I own to a friendly feeling for the rough, stormy fellow—"my eyes make pictures when they're shut," of all his various and unpraised domains. I can hear the wind in the distance plane whistling and roaring, and laughing, and in fact, making all sorts of noises as he goes lumbering on his way among the clouds, and make a channel for itself, above the surface of the earth. He is not got out of the way. Now and then the twitter of the thus-birds, comes down from the tops of the mulberries, as they look for the earliest bud-ideas to see if the spring is coming that way, and occasionally some bold and ruffled bird lights down on the ground, and struts as makes the laziness almost feel in his heart the approach of the May leaves.

The cattle low to one another across the hills, seeming to inquire what news of beech-buds and sprouting grass, and the cocks crow up from out the hollows, cracking the thin ice on their last night's puddle, and to my ears seeming to utter a budding back from whatever shrubs they crow.

Rustic girls, in anticipation of spring, to interrupt the hosts of midsummer, begin to gad along the meadows, and ringing about the thin edges of the streams, and on the ground-ivy is springing, and what requires the last year's sewing requires; and the boys begin to find the shallow streams already brought out her yellow cats among the willows, and skuttering, leaves of many sorts shall—why, there is such clapping of hands and chattering, as never was heard out of the woods, certainly.

School-boys have hung up their sticks, and redd up their high-heaped mystery of that and jubilee of country youth—the wading season. To get out the stumps and burn them, to ply the flail, and wash and shear the sheep, are all fun and frolic to them. The blood tingles lively along their veins, and their sympathy with Nature in general develops itself in a thousand curious antics.

Even the farmer by heap he and his—the old fences are striped with new rails, and the axe rings where the trees that were singled and dozed and during the leisure hours of winter, are being felled. The sugar-making is done—the troughs are turned up, and the "spiles" laid away against next year's requirement—the fire has gone out in the sugar-house, and the broken kettles and row of empty ink-black kettles give a melancholy interest to the hillside that was lately redolent of warm bubbling, and merry with sugar-makers.

The cows are taking home their calves, licked up dirt and smut as possible, and the cow leads the young to the meadows, and the sheep bleat out of his burrow and race along the hills with the wind; and the squirrel has gone to housekeeping, and the woodchuck has come out and scuttles with a profusion that speaks well for his provender.

The rooster ruffles his neck-feather more proudly, and crows with a wilder and more joyful note; and sage; and patches of warmer sunshine here and there give token that the May-apple and the mandrake will soon hang up their green and yellow-colored parasols. Despite the rough ways and the blustering winds, March is the month of the spirit of exhilarated sensation, and I would not willingly have lost the pleasure I deserve a welcome for him together.

ALICE CARY.

SOLITUDE AND SOCIETY.

The crowded city, and the unfrequented woods and fields, are alike favourable to solitude. The large town, and the little village, are alike convenient to society. It is the mind that makes the solitude. A man may be as much alone at a ball, as in a desert. He may be as much in society in the city, on rocks and musing o'er flood and fell." The unexplored lover is always alone without his sweetheart. The enthusiast is alone in his enthusiasm. And the madman is alone in his madness. The miser is alone amidst his glittering heaps of solitude. Paula, like the nightingale, and other celebrated songsters, "does her sweetest music in the absence of all society. "The eagle soars alone," and the raven perpetually croaks, alone.

"Pick o'er the carrion, join the mob and roar."

Solitude is the school of deeds; of deep, precious, never-dying thought; but society is the school of wit, and polish; and refined pleasure; the value compared with the thought of the highest order of genius. "No great work was ever written on board a ship." observes a writer who failed in pursuing a course of study upon which he had previously entered a long sea voyage. "I have rarely met solitude there: the space is too limited, and the interruptions too numerous. But genius has overcome even greater difficulties than these, and created a solitude for immortal thought, even in the society of a turnspit will and her "chirper hanger." Such a wife had fallen to the lot of the celebrated Hooker, the author of Eve, if not more, of the right learned books of the *Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity*. He was a rare specimen of a Kate, according to Isaac Walton, but *he* was not a Petruchio. He sent him out to herd the sheep whilst the herdsman came home to his dinner and assisted her in certain domestic work; and at this employment two of his pupils found him reading the odes of Horace in silver-rated solitude, forgetting the sheep. When the servant returned he was sent home, and then he was ordered to rock the cradle, to aid which discipline he submitted most patiently, saying, "If mine have usually a double share in the miseries of this life, I that am none, ought not to repine." This meekness and patience evaded the solitude, and enabled him to produce one of the most learned and talented works of that or any other age. Such a man could always be alone, amid scenes and moments which to most there are French novel writers of the present age, who cannot think or write unless they are in full dress, and in the midst of a ball room, and who cannot even read a new book unless it be gravely bound for them in a certain elegant style. They cannot find intellectual solitude or absorption, until their vanity is first stuffed with agreeable food.

SOUL UNDISMAYED BY DEATH.

The prospect of death is so gloomy and dismal, that if it were constantly before our eyes, it would annihilate all the sweets of life. The greatest sacrifice of our being hath therefore so ordered us, that we are capable of many pleasing sensations and reflections, and even most wishful enjoyments and solicitudes, as divert our thoughts from dwelling upon so sad a subject. Which, as it is a necessary nature, makes but haughtil impressions upon the mind. But how distant soever the time of our death may be, since it is certain that we must die, it is necessary to allot some portion of our life to the meditation of it; and it is highly commendable to fix some stated times to meditate upon the final period of our existence, that when it approaches at last, we are men, will make us inquire, what is the best manner of doing it? Whether it be the conscience as we are Christians, or as we are men, that according to the good or evil of our actions here, it will be translated to a state of eternal bliss or misery: When this is seriously thought of, every man will find reason enough to depart against the black moment: but when we reflect that the Supreme Governor of things may be night, how watchful ought we to be!

We were wonderfully affected with a discourse we had lately with a virgin of this city, on occasion upon this head, which was to this effect: "Though I cannot say I am afraid to die, yet I own I have a very uneasy apprehension upon me, that I am not sufficiently prepared for it according to the rules of exact virtue and religion, which I have proposed to myself. I am very young, and have many years to live, as I hope; but who knows how early God may call me? Not but I am willing to live, as I am, for some years; but I cannot tell how to quit the pleasures of life, and the innocent gratifications of sense, with that indifference which some people seem to have. Not that I am afraid of the pain of dying, but I am afraid of the consequences of death. This is what I would willingly be resigned to, and learn to be pleased with the prospect of it, that I may be found ready when the awful summons comes." She was then in perfect health, and had no occasion for these reflections, but from the general view of human life. Such a virgin is adorned with the most amiable modesty, and all the graces that can render her charming to the eyes of men, and lovely in the sight of God.

ALL CAN BE GREAT IN THEIR SPHERE.

Since fortune is not in our power, let us be as great as nature has made us here. Why may we not say that a man should be rich to be generous? If we measure a man's soul by the size and quantity of things, the particulars which accompany an action is what should determine it to be great or little. Not the action itself, because life is to be attained by each man that pretends to it: for every one as much as he can, and no more, or else, and no more, or else, and no more, or else

THE RIVULET.

A Song.

BY WM. W. PORTER.

Here glancing, ever dancing,
Like a mysterious child at play;
From its fountain, on the mountain,
Down to the valley way.
Now in starting, gently darting,
Taking this a silver ball,
As it crosses through my tresses,
Where the forest fairies dwell.

Where the rains cease to pour,
Gilding every vine and flower,
And the cattle feasts on thistles,
Where the cattle feasts on thistles,
Ever sparkling, through the thicket
Mystics, green, and violet,
Then o'er heather, like my wedding
Peep white lilies cups of jet.

Running slower, rising lower,
As thy seaward course is sped—
Till a bustle, and mad rustle,
By the ocean's briny bed:
Its proud's pleasure ends in sadness,
And life's rivulets, that start
From love's mountain, lose their fountain
In the Dead Sea of the heart!

THE ICE-BOUND HEART.

BY MARY C. VAUGHAN.

"Fanny, Fanny! Where are you my child? Come here, quick, I want you," called Mrs. Bruce, from her nursery door.

There was no reply, and she added, in an softer tone, "Fanny, you darling child, where are you?"

"Fanny don't you hear me? I want you this moment."

The words were not well spoken, before a little girl of six or seven years came out of a side entry and advanced along the hall with a quick, prancing step. Her manner was as quiet as her motion, and there was apparent in her whole person that moved swiftly.

"Oh, here you are!" exclaimed Mrs. Bruce, impatiently. "Why did you not come sooner?"

"I was counting the divine, mamma, and he told me, and you told me not to leave it until I finished and locked it up in the closet. Here is the key, mamma."

"Well, you did right, I suppose, though you have been long about it," replied Mrs. Bruce, discarelessly. "I want you to sit beside little Bobby and keep him quiet, while I go and get dressed to go to dress. Poor little fellow!" she added, with a tenderness of tone that contrasted strangely with her former coldness, "the little girl, as she stooped to arrange the child's drapery around the babe, whose flushed face and labored breathing testified how greatly he was suffering; "poor little darling, he has been very sick all night, and your father promised to send Dr. Elton before this time. Keep him quiet if you can, but call me if he wants me."

With these words Mrs. Bruce went out, softly closing the door after her, and Fanny looked after the strangest child. I never saw such an expressionless countenance as hers would be, when she did not at all for little Bobby; and yet, I know she does, through the sorer school a question, nor looked the least anxious."

The moment the door was closed, little Fanny threw herself on her knees before the sofa. Could her step-mother have seen her then, she would not have deemed her continuous grief so stolidness or her heart unfeeling. The tears were rolling down her pale cheeks as she gently took the sick baby's burning hand, and pressed her lips upon it.

"Oh, little Bobby," she murmured, "are you, indeed, so very sick? Fanny will take care of you, Fanny love you. But, Bobby, I would, oh, how willingly, be just as sick as you, if mamma would speak to me as she does to you. My own dear mother used to call me her 'darling,' her 'own little Fanny,' but since she went away to live with the angels, nobody loves or calls me by pet name any more."

Bending her head upon the pillow beside the sick child's, her sobs grew louder and more convulsed, till little one, disturbed by her grief, looked around, and moved as if about to awake. Then little Fanny raised herself, and while with one hand she rocked the cradle, with the other she put away her tears. Before the babe had sunk again to slumber, she had resumed her usually cold, calm expression so unnatural, so pitiful in one of her years.

Her attention was fixed upon the babe, who suffered from time to time, and grew more restless. At length, with a faint cry, his little eyes opened widely. The next instant the crimson fever flush upon his face seemed to spread, and his features and limbs were distorted by a violent convulsion.

Fanny ran to the door, crying, "mamma, mamma," in tones of terror. Then back to the cradle, wringing and looking upon the distorted face, and holding the convulsed hands in her own, though the scene was fearful enough to alarm one far older than herself.

Mrs. Bruce hurried into the room, but, apparently more frightened than Fanny, turned and fled back into her rocking-chair and moan and wring her hands in utter helplessness. Fortunately the physician at that moment arrived, and finding Fanny far more capable of rendering assistance at that critical moment, than her mother, he left her to her, he made her hold the medicine, while he forced open the child's clenched teeth, and then went her to the kitchen with orders to the cook to prepare a warm bath.

Little Bobby was relieved for the time, but disease had sapped the foundation of his young life; the convulsion returned, stronger and more frequent, and before night his little body lay calm and beautiful, in the sleep of death, under the regalia of death, and the white baby writhing in convulsions, straight and rigid in their mockery of beauty.

Through most of that sad day, Mrs. Bruce had lain helpless in her chamber, overcome with misery, pain and calm, and been ready to sail wherever aid was needed. Even when the child died, she and the mother was reading the air with her shrieks, and the father after the first pang of shame to his manhood, she looked on with dry eyes and made no moan.

Afterward, in Italy, in speaking of the day's events said;

"I never saw so strange a child as Fanny Bruce. She went through all the trying scenes of that day, showing without emotion, so far as I could discover. Still she made herself extremely useful, did the right thing at the right time, and had all her wits about her. She was quite a highly practical woman, I should imagine," and added sneeringly, "probably one of the stamp calculated by her mother."

And her mother, in relating the story, always finished by worrying that "Fanny had no heart, no sensibility," and would add, with a sigh, "how fortunate such a moral constitution was, for Fanny would escape much of the suffering that fairly engulfed and sensitive natures like her own were exposed to."

Nobody heard Fanny's sobs in the solitude of her own little room, or saw the pillow drenched with tears of that long night of weeping and anguish. And then, even in her childhood, was Fanny Bruce indignant? Her calmness and self-control contrasted into want of feeling, the nature that was simply overwhelmed—called emotionless, her dread of scenes taken for a want of sensibility, her strong capacities for sympathy and love all unsuspected and unstudied. Her father, absorbed in business, and with new loves and care clustering around him, did not even understand the quiet little girl, whose mother had left her to his wife charge years ago, who for many years she saw so seldomly, in the midst of her youth and beauty, and never thought of her as one in the love and sympathy for which she made no demands; while her step-mother, perfectly convinced of the truth of her theory of Fanny's want of heart, would have been much surprised had one informed her that she felt anything sadness of her fall duty when she had provided carefully for the child's physical wants. Even Fanny's unvarying attention and kindness to Mrs. Bruce's frail-incoming brood of little ones, was all set down to her "economical practical talent," and received with the cold gratitude one extends to an exemplary servant.

From out the loveless childhood Fanny emerged into womanhood—a tall, stately girl, fair, golden-haired, blue-eyed—a still calm beauty to look at—attracting by that beauty, but repelling by her manner, all who approached her. Yet into the heart of her there was one who had penetrated the icy recluse of that outward calmness, and learned that beneath this little form there did beat a heart, beneath its snow-covered sides, there beat a warm heart, fired by an intense longing for love and sympathy.

Fanny's nature needed but the Promethean touch to kindle its hidden fires to flame, and Julius Bruce's was the spark that held the torch. They had known each other from childhood, for Julius was the motherless child of Dr. Elton, who had passed all his evenings upon Fanny's step-mother.

There was one bond of sympathy between their motherless little ones in childhood, their bereaved and lonely condition. Julius, under the care of his father's ancient housekeeper, a woman who if she had ever any affections, had survived them all, cared for nothing, and had for her charge, his spiritual-looking boy, "full of modes and fancies," his bustling father and his pets. He was not benefitted by that practical little woman of Bruce's; but in two years' absence in childhood, when Julius was at school, confidants always, and lovers before they were in the least aware of the fact. All the spoiled tenderness of the motherless boy was lavished upon Julius, all the dreamy enthusiasm of his was bestowed on her. The sympathy of years, and steady perseverance was supplied from her, and she loved him with all the strength of her heart. Together, they formed a perfect whole—and seemed to realize, in all its perfection, the idea of a true union.

But, even after it was known that a marriage was contemplated between them, no one took the comment and wonder had died out, their union was delayed. Well, Julius felt his duty, he must leave his father sent him to travel into the "great south" in search of his last strength. Then Mr. Bruce failed in business, and his wife was taken very sick with him, and misfortunes were gathering about him in overwhelming numbers as age in which Bruce failed in health. She became more cruel and heartless than ever, and Julius, who knew that she poetically expressed herself to her guests, just at the time when all her strength and feeble character were needed to sustain and cheer her husband under the pressure of his difficulties.

Then a more than double burden fell upon Fanny. The care of her invalid mother, and of the weakened household, and the endless round of duty and what she desired to accomplish more, if possible, than all she, the comforting and support of her father. He was plunging madly about as men will do so often when in difficulty, and involving himself deeper with every struggle. Fanny, with child speculations—a gambler in all but the name, and risking even all her fortune, and that of her children.

These were very sad and cheerless days for poor Fanny. She moved about in her usual cold, calm manner, every emotion carefully repressed, even while her heart was wrung with anguish, and pain and anguish reproaches, that she should prefer any one to him, and should be willing to put off or postpone their long-deferred marriage; while she was grieved at repeated requests from her lover, who could not unlearn his old lesson of believing her heartless; and her temper sorely tried at her mother's constant complaints, and the many petty troubles of her domestic life.

But Fanny, faithful to all duty required her presence in her anguish home, obstinately refused to leave it; and Julius, in the fitfulness of health, and being unable to deny the justice of her reasoning, or the imperative nature of the claims upon her, finally decided to accept the invitation of a friend to accompany him in a voyage to Europe—the only thing that could restore him to health, except the perfect restoration of his health.

"Master will be very much grieved at home, my boy," the doctor said. "Bruce will have gotten rid of all but his little fortune, which he cannot touch by the time you return, and he will have to move into the country and turn farmer. Meanwhile Fanny will console him, and his silly wife's 'nerves' and I think will manage to release poor Fanny's captive spirit, and to restore her to her true knight on his return. You may worry yourself, and Fanny, too, by staying here with such a wretched cough as you have, and confirm his growing disbelief of his old and largely shared theory, that to no woman is ever given strength of character and principle, and that in connection with strength and warmth of affection. And, even her, will partially understand the nature for which he was forced to love, as well as to admire.

The final crash came at last, and Mr. Bruce, overcome by the heightened excitement of his remedy of strength, fell without a word. His wife's cares were in vain, and all the weary frame and busy brain were soon at rest.

Fanny was indeed an orphan at last, all alone, but for the helpless family around her, and her cares—utterly dependent on her care and forethought.

It was Fanny who unflinchingly entered into the settlement of her father's entangled affairs. It was Fanny who ordered the sale of all unnecessary household goods; and Fanny, who went herself down into the country to make ready for their removal to the old farm-house where Mrs. Bruce had been born, and then hurried back to relieve her mother of all care and trouble. And it was Fanny who arranged the new home, and strove to make it cheerful and pleasant; and repressed her tears when Mrs. Bruce, who made a merit of being helplessly overpowered with grief, could not comprehended the family that one member of it had breaks, but no heart. "For her part," the widow would say, "she would not burn—as many compiled to be able to think again, certainly not to her confidence and cheerfulness to work and bustle." Even this, Fanny, accustomed all her life to misconstruction and ingratitude, bore in silence, and only in darkness and solitude poured forth her grief in tears.

But the day of her sorrows was not yet full. It was destined to overflow.

Some time after, as we heard of the death of Mr. Bruce, embarked for home. A fearful storm overtook them on the ship, by which the vessel was in mid-ocean. It was seen at the commencement of the storm, but never after; the sea only had power to tell of those that sunk in the fierce warfare of the elements, went down to rise no more until the great day, into the swirling depths.

Fanny met this fearful sorrow of her life alone, as she had met every other. She received no sympathy to soften the blow—no one seemed to comprehend that she suffered; and when she had been absent two days in search of Julius, and returned she added a score of years to her age in appearance, and looked the woman she was, no one near her mother wonder that a person who had so little heart should be so old. Even the time when she heard of her lover's death, could find it in her heart to mourn those who were suffering from bereavement and sorrow so long.

A niece observer than Mrs. Bruce would have seen in Fanny's quiet manner, and the tone in which she spoke of her lover, that she never heard of him, or mentioned his name, without a shudder. But she never looked upon her face, or the dreadful expression that she suffered, she suffered if her own wants were ourselves, and she could not see that Fanny's cold, her long-cherished theory of Fanny's impassibility.

Fanny's task was now a very hard one. Utterly without help or friendship, and with the care of two, she toiled on, encountering the ills of poverty and privation upon beginning to earn her own support.

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OUR MOTHERS.

Multitudinous faces shine upon me to-day from the tranquil heaven of a lost happiness. Lost, but remembered fondly. All these faces are configured with the beauty of love, which is not of form—but the quiet essence of holiness—the atmosphere about God! Some of those faces are solemn and bright, like the stars of the morning, unreal in the eternity of distance. Such were beautiful, who went early to drink of the clear waters of life and holiness.

And this one—radiant with the abiding tenderness, whose heavenly could not vast, sweep, victorious over the "dust and ashes," and the grave-dark, shadowless, but with a summer of eternal beauty—is not under the grave-clay, and is of my angel-mother.

Now she stoops toward me, her darling, smiling on me out of the arch-Heavens, and overlooking the paper-walls of the fair city, to talk with me in the melodious language of "the sons of morning," till the glorification of her golden hair is mingled with the splendor of the stars.

Lost to pain, but sweetly fond of peace; not to sorrow, though passed forever from my mortal sight, nor loved the less because so early lost, nor so much under the grave-clay, and between—corruptible, and incorruptible—never a care to trouble you, and no sorrow to touch you. Sleeping well, as a weary bird from distant lands, drinks, folding her wing beside a silent fountain, in the shadow of some fair tree in the Tropics; so do I seek her grave, after the fruitless journeys of the world. And hunting sunnily, drink lely from the beautiful assurance that Christ's arm is around her, and that deep over her the lilies, in but the solemn shadow of the cartwheel, of the glorified life above, which God, in Christ's stead, hath made immortal.

Living, to love and suffer, loving to suffer and die, is the generous aim of women. For her, there is no philosophy of suicide. She has her winged thoughts, and aspirations of love achieve, wrecking on through living, beyond death, until lost in the heaven and the infinite. Is not woman man achieves?) For her, there is no sublimer heaven than the scene of men's hearts. Wherefore, her tenderness, her humility, her native delicacy, her intuitive sense of purity, her steadfast Angel, strong to baffle the evil with the good—use nobly with man's unscrutinized passions, and his mighty energies.

Cast not your bearded lips in scorn of her sensitiveness, her fear of the unknown, or her sigh-gods of labor. Ye, with sinews and muscles of steel, and brains to fell a forest, or to build or curb the watchful lire of the seas with the proud right arm of science; and ye who drive the whirling planets of philosophy through the fields of future harvest—all your forehands, be they grim with battle, or fair with the gems of science, have no help with the bits of motherhood!

Ye, with the fiery spiritual eyes that shall one day see God, look fully! The kiss your mother left upon your cheek and baby-brow, when first you knew the meaning of a kiss, and the love-beating that divine essence imperishable as eternity—the tender blessing whispered on earth, but audible in Heaven, given with uplifted heart and hands, and which still i spy, as the stars look on, and make glorious the forehead of the great night.

Ye, who have battled with the enduring world—wield a stout sword with a fearless arm, and look the Swordfish's mate; but keep your mother's blessing and her love like the fair gem worn, not under this more, perhaps, as sacredly as the Arch-Angel keeps the great seal of the universe.

EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

A DINNAL FLIGHT—A GOOD STORY.

Sir Alfred Rawlinson, an old British navigator, gives some astonishing reports of the wonders of the Arctic seas—such, for example, as the following:

We were separated by a storm in the latitude of Spitzbergen from the rest of the ship which I was in, with a Dutch and French vessel, got safe to the port of New Archangel. We landed, in order to refit our vessels, and store ourselves with provisions. The crew of each vessel made themselves cabins of wood and wool, at some distance from each other, to force themselves against the intolerable cold, and to keep off the contagion of mutual breathing. We were observed that, in talking to one another, we lost several of our words, and could not hear one another at above two paces distance, and that too when we sat very near the fire. After some days' rest, the crew of the vessels came in the air before they could reach the cabins of the persons to whom they were going. It was soon continued in this conjecture, when, upon the approach of the cold, the whole company grew dumb, or rather deaf; for every man was conscious to whatsoever he said, but he spoke as well as ever. Our cabins were made of wood, and were condensed and iced. It was now a miserable time for us, and we were forced to creep into each other, every one talking, and no man heard. One night observe a woman that could hear a little, and they were sure or less compelled; so that we soon found everything that had been spoken during the whole three weeks that we had been shut in. I was the expression. It was now very early in the morning, and we were all in a deep consternation, say, "Sir John, it is midnight, and time for the ship's crew to go to bed." "Ha! I know to be the pilot's voice; and, upon recollecting myself, I concluded that he had spoken those words to me three days before, though I could not hear them until the present time. My reader will easily imagine how I was surprised at so unexpected a way of speaking, and we no man opening his mouth. In the middle of this great surprise we were all in my beard a valley of oaths and curses, lasting for a long while, and uttered in a very hoarse voice, which I knew belonged to the boatswain, who was a very choleric fellow, and had taken this opportunity of cursing and swearing at me when he thought I could not hear him; for I had several times given him occasion for such account, as I did not fail to repeat it for these his pious solicitudes, when I got him on ship-board.

THE PRINCE AND THE DOCTOR.

The loudest gloom before, which occurred between Alexander the Great and his physician, is one of the most remarkable which history records. This prince, in the midst of his conquests in Persia, was seized, by a violent fever; and according to the account we have of his case mind, his thoughts were more employed about his recovery as it regarded the way than as it concerned his life. He professed, a slow method was worse than death to him; because it was, when he was dreaded, an interruption of his glory. He desired a dangerous, so it might be a speedy remedy. During this impatience of the hour of the king, the doctor had offered an immense sum to any one who should take away his life. But Philippus, the most esteemed and most knowing of his physicians, promised that with three days' time, he would prepare a medicine for him, which would restore him more expeditiously than could be imagined. Immediately after this engagement, Alexander received a letter from the most considerable of his captains, with intelligence that Darius had bribed Philippus to poison him. Every circumstance immediately favored the design of the traitor. Philippus had himself in his bed, and holding the letter in his hand as Philippus could behold its contents, and the potion which he had prepared in the other, while the physician read the terrible charge. It may be imagined with what tenderness he then watched the face of Philippus, as the former drank off the potion, and with what a heart he received of the physician's face whether the medicine was to restore him to health, or hasten his death. When the potion had been drunk and the letter read, Philippus turned to Alexander and said:

"Sir, my life cannot be dearer to you because than it does now. Without knowing the secret, I perceive displayed by your looks, that you have been concerned Philippus no less than Alexander; and therefore, I will employ now in this adventure, but that I make me still more admire the generosity and confidence of my master."

Alexander took the letter by the hand, and said, "Philippus, I am confident you had rather I had the better of my enemies than myself. But, as I am in you, than a case which so nearly concerns me; I will not read your letter, but will die, if it be for the effect of your medicine, more for your sake than my own."

A CUNNING DODGE.

A few days since a person, genteelly dressed, was observed loitering in the window of the wholesale jeweller of Broadway, as if admiring the rich articles displayed for sale within. The stranger in a short time was taken, as was supposed, by the well-dressed appearance of the stranger, and was apparently prompted by a love of mischief, contrived adroitly to thrust the umbrella through the glass in the centre of the window, the unfortunate man stood on the spot stupified with astonishment. A crowd soon gathered around him, and he left from the window; he dreaded that he had done it, and commenced walking away. But the owner was obliged to enter the store to settle the affair. The proprietor of the establishment demanded payment of the broken window, and the man in the belief of his complete innocence, threatened to send for the police. "Well, sir," replied the owner, "you must pay the cost $10. "It is enormous," said the unfortunate man, "but I will, and you may send for the police. "Here is a dollar," said the stranger. "Send for a constable!" Indignantly ejaculated the man of the house. He was astonished, and for a time he laugh astonished, complaining bitterly, but obtained no redress, and departed, leaving him at the police-office for a trifle. He took out a roll of bank-notes, some hundred and more by the dollar once, gave one of the latter to the pacified jeweller, and left with his balance, and relieved. A friend dropped in the store shortly after, and the currence was mentioned, and the note shown as a specimen of the bank. "Why, my dear friend," the jeweller has not told the story since; but his friend considered it too good to keep, and so do we.

PARENTAL ERRORS AND INJUSTICE.

The wisest these turns of institution rose,
Of the wisest these turns of institution rose,
That negative power, which our science guides,
Attends our every act, and every thought controls.

Among those inclinations which are common to all, there are some which are more conspicuous than that unequal love by which parents distinguish their children. Sometimes they are the effects of people, the least judges of their children's merit, that what they have most occasion for, and which is not a proposition of their own faults and infirmities.

The fondness of a father, or of his more extreme interested in the care of one child more than that of another, no longer deserves the name of parents, but that, in effect, an infidelity as their children. Having such unreasonable and ungoverned inclinations. A father of this sort has frequently his favorite son of his own offspring, for none but a child would take part in the passions of children.

LOVE OF TITLES.

A well-known gentleman of Winchester, in the State of Virginia, is in the habit of relating an amusing anecdote of the great love that the Americans have for naval and military titles. Descending the Potomac into Virginia, with his horse, in a frolicsome mood, a gentleman said, "Major, you would lead your horse a little forward," which he did, when the owner called to the man, "I said, Major, and you need not call me so." To this the Irishman replied, "Well, Kurnel, I ax your pardon, and I'll not call you so no more." Being arrived at the landing-place, he led his horse out of the boat, and said, "My good friend, I am in a hurry plain man, I am neither a Colonel nor a Major, I have no title at all, and I don't like them. How much have I to pay you?" The ferryman looked at him and said, "You are the first white man I ever crossed who first they wasn't fair nobody at all, and I swar I'll not charge you nothing."

TO A.

Written at Home.

BY ALICE CARY.

At home! I know each vale and hill,
Each wood and orchard tree;
Yet all seem dark, and hushed, and still,
As if they knew not me.

It is as if our harvest ground
Had brought up fear and doubt,
And on the hearth we played around,
The fires had all gone out.

I see the slope, still green and bright
From whence the twilight went,
Drawing often level lines of light,
Like cordage from a tent.

Each childish play-ground memory claims,
And tells me, "Here, and thus,
We called the echoes by their names,
And made them answer us."

Still, where the high road's dusty track
The bare ridge runs across,
And takes upon its tawny back
A bossing of red moss,

The school-house stands—the spelling-books
Still piled against the wall,
With "copies" of fantastic crooks—
Unprofitable, all!

For all unprofitable seems,
As the dry ribs fall out
From the poor skeleton of dreams
I've lived my life about.

Fame's stepping-stones are vainly sought
Where round my youth they lay;
The lever of my riper thought
Has pried them all away.

But faith has gained a steadier trust,
And hope no more is driven,
Either to trail along the dust,
Or shave the stars of heaven.

And in this change, and interfuse
Of dust with all I see,
I recognize the shifting hues
Of changeless Deity.

And from the unsatisfying quest
To know the final plan,
I turn my soul to what is best
In nature, and in man.

FOREST SKETCHES---NO. 16.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

BY COL. WALTER P. DUNLAP.

THE ANACONDA.

One evening Garl and Harris came in together, and brought with them a very large serpent of the copperhead species. It was an ugly looking customer, and as I stood and gazed upon it I could not help thinking how much power is sometimes given to the most insignificant reptiles. Here was a monster, without the first useful quality that has ever yet been discovered; seemingly created for nothing but to destroy and devour animals of much more worth than himself—and yet his power for evil was immense. However—there is one consolation: The Wondrous Power that created these seeming scourges has placed them beyond the usual homes of man; and for every creation of this kind He has given to us ten thousand blessings. Those who complain of the seeming ills of earth forget to count these blessings. Who shall say that even the Copperhead was not created for some wise and beneficent purpose?

The presence of the venomous reptile naturally turned our conversation upon the subject of serpents in general, and several anecdotes were related. Finally I was appealed to, as it was known that I had travelled some in those regions where the larger serpents abound; and I related to them the following

ADVENTURE WITH AN ANACONDA.

When I was in the last of my 'teens I had a strong desire to sail around the world. My father was a merchant, and had an interest in several ships; and from the time that I left my academy until I was nineteen—a space of about a year—I gave him no peace. At length he concluded to let me go. It was on the very day that I was nineteen years old. I was as tall as I am now, and though not so muscular and firmly knit in frame, yet I was very near as stout in body. My father obtained me a berth as supercargo, and I considered myself the happiest man on the face of the earth.

The old ship Trident was ready for sea—bound for a trading voyage around the earth—and I was ready to go in her. We sailed with a fair wind, and I promised myself a fair voyage. We stopped first at the Cape Verdes; next at St. Thomas; then we doubled the Cape of Good Hope, and stopped at Zanzibar. Then we sailed to Muskat; and so on, trading as we went, and making money rapidly. At length we reached Canton; and from there we ran down, through the China Sea, to the Sea of Celebes, and stopped at Manado, a town on the northern point of the Island of Celebes, which island, however, is [illegible] generally known by the name of Macassar.

Here we sold a lot of cutlery, cloth, and manufactured articles of various kinds, taking in exchange coffee, spices, and a choice lot of medicinal drugs, all of which we got at cheap rates.

I had seen some most beautiful birds flying about on shore, and as I knew how to preserve and mount them, I wanted very much to get some of them. One of the natives informed me that, some four miles to the southward and westward of us, where a small stream emptied into the sea, I could find plenty of birds of all kinds and colors.

On the following morning I asked the captain if I could have the small wherry during the day, and he told me yes. This wherry was a small, snug, trim affair, which we had on purpose for a sort of errand boat, where only one or two persons wished to go in her. But the day promised to be a very hot one, and I came very nigh finding no one who would go with me. I had asked all whose society I fancied, and they had all said no. Finally our second mate, whose name was Spinnet—Jack Spinnet, and who had once told me no—came and asked me if I had found a companion. I told him I had not, and then he said he would go with me. I was pleased with this, for he was the first one I had asked, and the very man whom I most liked for such companionship.

We got our guns and knives; and having taken a few articles we fancied we might need, we got into the boat. The short, light mast was stepped, the small sail set, and away we went down the coast, under a creeping breeze, at the rate of three miles an hour. We found the river without trouble, and as soon as we had got well up into it, I proposed unstepping the mast, as the sail might frighten the birds. They might be used to seeing boats, but not white sails. So the mast was taken down, and we plied the oars.

The day was a hot one in right good earnest; but we were in for it, and did not complain. We shot several beautiful birds; but the one I most wanted we had not yet seen. It was congenerous with the bird of paradise. I had only seen two. They were quite large, with a body nearly as heavy as the body of our common pigeon, and with the most luxuriant profusion of gaudy plumage I ever saw. The body was of a bright scarlet, the wings nearly all black, and the tail consisted of a perfect rainbow, both in color and shape.

We made our way up the river very slowly, sometimes rowing, sometimes sculling, and sometimes pushing ourselves along by means of a pole which we had for that purpose. It was now near noon, and the sun poured down his heat with a prodigality which we could have spared without the least inconvenience. To row with any force was out of the question. We kept in the shade as much as possible, and lazily crawled along. The banks of the stream were covered with heavy timber, all interwoven below with vines and tangled wild-wood of all descriptions. Here and there dark, dismal-looking bayous, made up from the river, almost entirely covered with reeds and old trees. The stream itself was not deep, as we could use our setting-pole anywhere, though in some places we could sink it beyond reach in soft mud; and, save where these small bayous made out, it was not over twenty yards wide.

At length I saw the bird I wanted. There were two of them, upon the opposite side of the river from where we were, and a little farther up. I caught my gun, and examined the priming; and having laid it across my knees, so as to have it ready in case the birds should fly over us, I took my oar and started the boat out. The birds were standing upon a branch, which made out from an old tree of the cypress species, and nearly, if not quite, over the water. My only fear was that we might frighten them away. Jack proposed that we should pull across and down at the same time, and then work up towards the birds under cover. This was a good plan, and we at once acted upon it.

When we had gained the opposite shore, we were covered from our game by the overhanging foliage, so we worked up without fear of alarming it. I took my position in the bow of the boat, with my double-barreled gun in my hand, and already cocked; while Jack sat in the stern-sheets, pushing noiselessly up with the pole.

At length I turned, and whispered to my companion to push carefully, for I knew we were coming very near. In half a minute more I saw the birds through an opening in the foliage, and I quickly called out for Jack to stop, and he did so. The birds were still upon the same branch, and my chance was a good one, though rather a longer range than I would have chosen could I have had everything my own way. I fired—and I saw one of the gorgeous fellows drop. I threw down my gun, and caught an oar, and we were soon near the spot.

The shore was low, and we could see the wounded bird struggling, some fifteen or twenty feet from the water. We drove our boat ashore, as quickly as possible, and as she touched I leaped out. I had hardly touched the soft, grassy earth, when a sharp, terrified cry from my companion arrested my further progress. I turned, and I saw him standing in the boat—his face pale as death—a look of utter horror pervading every feature; and his frame quivering like an aspen. He seemed to be strangling—he seemed to be trying in vain to either breathe or to speak. One hand was extended, and the other hung by his side shaking with sudden palsy.

"Jack," I cried, "in mercy's name, what is the matter?"

"Come—come—to the boat!" he gasped, in a frantic burst.

"But what is it?" I insisted, becoming frightened by his deathly look.

Pretty soon the power came to him.

"Jump for the boat!" he cried. "Don't stop to look to the right nor left! Jump! jump! For your life, jump!"

In an instant the thought of some venomous reptile flashed upon my mind, and without further hesitancy I started. When I reached the boat I looked back upon the ground where I had stood, but saw nothing. I was just upon the point of asking Jack what he had seen when, accidentally, I raised my eye to the huge tree above me. A cry of horror burst from my lips, and but for the need of action I should certainly have sunk down with absolute terror.

Upon the tree—coiled around and around—with his great broad, flat head lapped over the very limb upon which the birds had sat—and over the spot where I had stood—his cold, diamond eyes glittering like gems in the sunlight, was a monster anaconda!—the largest I had ever seen—the largest I had ever heard of—larger, much larger than I believed they ever grew! The tree was over three feet in diameter—certainly seven feet in circumference—and the monster was coiled about that five times, and had certainly eight feet to spare from the tree to his head. That head was right above us now, and the forked tongue was darting out angrily.

As soon as I was in I sprang to the stern sheets and caught the pole. I pushed the boat off—the stern struck a sunken limb—it swept in shore—and we were in the mud!

"Push! push! For your life push! See! see! He means to strike us!" cried Jack, pointing up to the monster's head as he spoke.

(*See Engraving.*)

I pushed—pushed with all my might—but to no effect. The boat would not budge an inch! The bows would swing around, but the stern was fast.

"Can't you push her off?" asked Jack.

"No," I returned. "Something's got her foul!"

Just as I spoke the serpent threw his head back, and carried it to the opposite side of the tree. What he meant to do we did not then try to consider. We only thought of getting our boat out of his reach. Jack caught an oar, and we both pushed together; but the thing would not budge! What could it be? We were not held thus by the mud—that was impossible,—and yet we only had soft mud to brace against when we pushed.

I was growing crazy! There was a monster, whose power might crush us as though we had been worms, within an easy reaching distance, and yet we could not move! To move the boat was impossible. What held her I could not tell. To leap overboard would only be sure death; for the water was not over eighteen inches deep, and below that was a bed of soft mud. Our pole, which was twelve feet long, could be run down nearly the whole length; and that was one reason why we could not get purchase enough to move the boat.

Oh! Heavens! what a sight it was! The huge body of the monster gleamed with a thousand varying colors as it worked in the almost verticle rays of the sun, and the broad head was coming around from the opposite side of the tree! I had pushed the pole into the mud, straining and torturing every muscle, until I knew that I could do nothing thus. Meanwhile Jack Spinnet, who had caught up an oar, had been doing the same. The shore was too far off to be reached by a leap, and there was no tree within reach save the one the anaconda occupied.

Suddenly I saw Jack fall over backwards—a dark mass flashed before me—there was a sickening, sinking sensation, as though the gushing, spurting head of a decapitated mother or wife had been held up by the hair before me—and then my eyes involuntarily closed.

A horrid shriek from my companion aroused me. I opened my eyes and looked. There lay my friend, upon his back, across two thwarts, and the monster serpent's head lay flat upon his breast!

Oh! My soul! my soul! what a sensation was that! Pain was not in it. It was the very essence—ten thousand times refined—of the soul's most agonizing horror. The serpent had placed his head there, and the expression of his face was the deepest we can ascribe to the most exultant Tartarian demon! Oh! there was expression there—such expression as I pray to God I may never see again! As his head lay thus those glittering eyes of his could look into his victim's face. His body was loosening from the tree—he had made up his mind for a dainty meal!

And here let me dispute a false idea which has become universal wherever the serpent is known. It is printed in school-books; set down in works upon natural history; and sustained by travellers. It is this: that the anaconda, the boa, and others of that tribe, prepare their food before swallowing it by *licking* it all over, and thus covering it with a sort of gelatinous substance which causes it to slip down more easily. Now this is not so. The serpent does this no more than does every animal that lives! Let a man work for an hour at trying to swallow a mass beyond his capacity, and I think you will find it pretty thoroughly *gelatinized*. The truth is this: The serpent swallows his food as all other animals do that swallow it whole. All animals within his capacity he swallows instantly, without even maiming them! But when a huge serpent has been a long time without food, and he chances to strike upon something with a larger circumference than that of his own body, he must work ingeniously to destroy it. First he knows he must kill it; and this he does as he fights his own kind—by crushing. When it is crushed he commences to swallow. His muscles are all relaxed, and their tension is great. He works and works—the glands of the mouth are overtasked and irritated, and they discharge their secretions for their own ease, as the eye weeps when it is in pain. Thus, of course, that part of the food which has been in the mouth will become covered with saliva. Sometimes a huge anaconda will lie two weeks with a deer, or some other large animal, not much over half swallowed!

The serpent has the same kind of salivary glands that other animals have—no more, no less; and if an animal is sometimes found half swallowed by him, and all covered with saliva, it is simply because he has been a week about it! The presence of the saliva is the result of overtasking the mouth, and not a natural preparation of food.

For a single instant after I opened my eyes, and saw the position of my companion, I was utterly powerless, but a stifled groan from the poor man quickly started my manhood into action.

"*Walter—save me!*"

Never did three words operate upon me as did those. They not only touched my heart, but in an instant all fear was gone, as if by a miracle, and every nerve was strung to action. One of the barrels of my gun was yet loaded with a heavy charge of buck-shot. I caught it up and cocked it. I determined to run a risk. I moved a step forward, and then kneeled down. The side of the snake's head was exposed to me. I placed the muzzle within twelve inches of it—aimed for the broadest part—just back of, and below, the eye—and fired!

I saw that same black mass sweep upward; and in a moment more came a thrashing and crashing that was frightful to hear. The folds of the monster's body half tightened about the tree, and his head, with some twelve or fourteen feet of neck and trunk, was thrashing to and fro, upon the ground and amid the branches overhead. For a few moments I feared he would smash our boat; but he had neither sense nor sight, and as the position of his folds naturally carried his head from us, there was no more danger.

Jack Spinnet arose from his recumbent posture, but he could do no work. He was weak and faint, the intense, the terrible, the awful fear of those few moments having left him utterly nerveless. I assured myself that he was not bodily injured, and then I took the pole and tried once more to push the boat off. I had sense enough to look how and see what was the matter, and the result was, that I found an unearthed root, probably from the large tree close by, under the water, which had worked its way up between the stern-post and the rudder! I quickly pushed it out, and then pushed off.

I asked Jack if we should stop and see the serpent die.

"Oh! in Heaven's name, no!" he answered, "Get back as soon as you can. I am not well. Walter—I am not well!"

Of course I hesitated no longer. I sculled down the river; there set my sail; and with the evening breeze I ran up to Manado.

On the following day some of us went out and found the serpent dead. I had blown his brains half out from his flat, saucer-like skull. There was some muscular activity remaining, but not enough to amount to anything. We towed the monster's carcass to Manado, and there had the skin taken off and stuffed.—The Dutch Consul there offered a large sum of money for it, and we sold it to him.

Jack Spinnet received a shock on that occasion from which he will never recover, though he is by no means an invalid. His nervous system is shattered, and there is an oppression upon the chest; and if he ever chances to sleep upon his back, he is sure to be seized with the most horrible incubus. The serpent is upon him as he was in that terrible hour, and his whole frame quivers with fright. He awakes with a cold sweat all over his body, and sleeps no more for the night.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MERRIMAC, N. H.—Had you attentively read the advertisement which you took the trouble to cut out and send us, you would have seen that it explicitly stated that the novellettes proposed to be published are old ones which "*have been out of print for a long time.*" We wish now to state, once for all, that, whatever others may publish, speak, write, promise, or boast of, the LEDGER, and the LEDGER only, has published all the stories, tales, sketches and novellettes of every kind and degree, which Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., has written for a year past, and will publish all that he shall write for years to come. Mr. Cobb does not and will not write a line for any other paper than the LEDGER.

J. R. H., New Haven.—Yes; a knowledge of Latin and Greek, and especially the expansion of mind which one derives from their study, would be of use to any man, in any situation; therefore, let your boy learn all the Latin and Greek he can. Besides, in this country, the humblest-born boy may rise to the highest dignity and station, in which case knowledge of all kinds may be indispensable. It is impossible for a boy to learn too much; but almost every man who rises in the world has occasion to mourn that he learned so little in his youth.

SCOTCHMAN.—An alien is not obliged to perform military duty. If you are summoned, however, to attend a militia muster, "armed and equipped as the law directs," &c., and do not attend you will probably be summoned to attend a court-martial, where you can state the fact of your not being a citizen and thus be discharged. If you should not appear at a court-martial to which you had been summoned, you would have the usual fine imposed upon you, and *then* you might be put to some inconvenience. The better way is to attend the court-martial and put the matter at rest at once.

STATEN ISLAND.—It is true that the yam and sweet potato are sometimes confounded; in some localities south, a variety of the sweet potato is called the yam-potato. The yam proper, however, differs from the sweet potato as much as the lion differs from a cat; the *genus* being the same, but the *species* being greatly exaggerated. The yam in its freest development, is often as large round as a peck measure, or three feet in length, when it takes a different form, and weighs over thirty pounds. It *tastes* very much the same as the sweet potato.

WASHOE.—The young lady, according to your own story, behaved with the utmost propriety and forethought. When an arrangement has been made for a couple to go to a place of amusement, it is not a business contract which is to be kept whether or no, and either party is at liberty to revoke it for a sufficient reason. In the case you mention, the young lady acted very courteously and thoughtfully in writing to you on the subject so long beforehand. We are surprised that any *man* should get into a pet about such a matter.

HETTIE.—Why should not a lady forgive an impropriety in the conduct of a gentleman, who sincerely repents of it, and duly apologizes therefor? A man who has committed an error, or done a wrong, is entitled to forgiveness whenever he repents of it and makes reparation for it. One cannot, of course, have that *confidence* in him which existed before his transgression; but *forgiveness* can be extended to the most wretched sinners.

A MOTHER IN A QUANDARY.—We think the name you have selected for your baby boy is a very pretty and a very good one. The name your husband selected—(Obadiah)—although an honest and strong name, is to us exceedingly unpleasant. Name him John, Charles, William, George, Henry, Robert, James, Joseph, or anything but Obadiah.

C. A. D.—In order to get an appointment as surveyor in the enterprise for laying out a wagon road from Fort Kearney, in Nebraska, to the eastern boundary of California, you must apply to whomsoever shall be appointed to command the expedition; and in order to know who is to be the commander, you must keep watch of the newspapers, and see who is appointed to that station.

C. D. E.—We think it would hardly answer for a man who is but "slightly acquainted with a young lady," to get a pack of visiting cards printed with her name on them, without her knowing it, and to present them to her. You had better wait until you shall have become more intimately acquainted with the young lady.

SUBSCRIBER, Pittsburgh.—The advertisement you refer to is undoubtedly a swindle; and any one who could seriously take an interest in such a matter, and wish to obtain such information as is promised, is a fit subject for swindling in either the passive or the active voice.

SUMPTER.—We know nothing about the party to whom you refer. We can only give you the general caution never to send money to any anonymous advertiser, or to any kind of an advertiser, until you shall have ascertained his perfect responsibility and honesty.

COMPOSER, Cincinnati.—We should not feel disposed to recommend the productions of a writer who spells author "orthor." We know nothing about the appliances necessary to induce a theatrical manager to "bring out a play."

ANNIE—None of the remedies which are advertised to "take flesh worms out of the skin," can be relied upon. We know of no remedy for the malady. You had better consult your family physician.

YOUNG READER.—No, thank you. We do not wish for any "enigmas," as we have no room for them in the LEDGER. The only enigma we take any interest in, is the "enigma of life."

A DESPAIRING LOVER.—You should wait until you are at least twenty-one, before marrying. Seventeen is altogether too juvenile. You had better go to school about six years, then travel two years, and *then* marry.

B. D. J.—When you are wrongly accused, you can only deny the accusation or pass it by in contemptuous silence. A man is rather foolish who attempts to beat down every calumniator who crosses his path.

ALMA.—You should inform your parents, or nearest and best friends, of the man's insult, and take counsel with them in regard to his treatment.

LA NORMA.—The name of the State of Pennsylvania is derived from Penn, and sylva a grove; it means "Penngrove," or the "grove of Penn."

C. W. S.—It is the business of a lady to salute a male friend first in the street or elsewhere, when the acquaintance is very slight, or the position and feeling of the parties towards each other uncertain. Among intimate friends, however, the rule is greatly relaxed, and before the warmth of *ardent* and assured friendships it melts entirely away. In calling upon a lady who is stopping with a mutual female friend, it is not obligatory upon you to ask to see the latter, or to enquire about her in any way. As a matter of friendly courtesy, however, it would be better to leave some pleasant message for her.

CORA AND IDYL.—Yes. Everybody should cultivate whatever talents they possess, as much as circumstances will permit. If you have "talent for writing," or for anything else, develop and cultivate it. Be careful, however, not to mistake the mere *appreciation* of talent for talent itself. People are sometimes apt, when reading a work which they like exceedingly, and which gives expression to thoughts and emotions that have long slumbered in their bosoms, to suppose that *they* could have *written* the work. Such should speedily learn the difference between a *voice* and an *echo*.

JOHN S.—The price of literary matter should always be agreed upon before its publication. A publisher is under no obligation to pay for or return articles which are sent to him without his request. On the contrary, nobody has any right to send articles to a publisher who has not ordered them. He should first write to a publisher and *ask permission* to send his compositions, and not intrude upon him with what is to most publishers an intolerable nuisance.

J. F.—THE ARTIST'S BRIDE, by Emerson Bennett, to which you refer, and which is published by Garrett & Co., was written by Mr. Bennett previous to his engagement with us, and is now issued in book-form for the first time. It is a very interesting and thrilling narrative, and written in the author's happiest vein. You can buy it at any book-store throughout the country.

EMMA H., is not what she calls herself—a maid-of-all-work—or she has found an amanuensis who has written the lady-like letter which she has sent us. She says a gentleman has offered her marriage, and wished her to give up her situation for that purpose. Take care. Have a respectable friend to communicate with the gentleman. If his intentions are honorable he will not object to it. If dishonorable be will.

WELL-WISHER.—There can be no sound instruction conveyed without heart and good-humor. One of the distinguishing characteristics of a rational being is his capacity for laughing, smiling, and joking. A monkey cannot laugh; it cannot perceive or relish a joke. Perpetual gravity has the same effect on the mind as solitary confinement—it creates insanity. There is nothing so wise as a judicious exercise of all the faculties which belong to our nature.

W.—It is scarcely possible to learn to speak a language without living amongst those who speak it. To learn French you must go to France, or live constantly with French people. Speaking is a habit rather than a knowledge. Languages are not learned by the scientific faculty; children learn them quicker than adults, because they are habits. You can't speak, if you are obliged to think about words.

A LOVER IN MISERY seems to have tormented himself by useless jealousy; he should remain satisfied by the assurance of the object of his choice that he only is preferred. The attention which she pays to the polite conversation of others in society is a proof of good taste; nothing is more ridiculous than to see lovers so engrossed with each other that they have neither eyes nor ears for any one else.

PHILANTHROPOS.—It is a law of Nature for the animal to be supported by the vegetable world; and no doubt it is a wise and eternal law—a law, too, which seems to forbid the chemical formation of bread from the elements of the mineral world. Try it, however—try to make bread of earth, by chemistry. You will ruin the farmers, if you succeed!

JOHN SLADE.—The cod-liver oil is now given generally in all cases of consumption. Where the disease is not far advanced it will frequently arrest its progress. But it should not be taken unless under the direction of a medical man, as persons who are hypochondriac often fancy that they are the victims of disease, when, in fact, they are the victims only of their imagination.

A TROUBLED SUBSCRIBER.—Do not despair. Girls often get into such low spirits, and think the whole world is false and hollow, and that its destruction is close at hand. Invite her out to walk with you, take her into some good saloon, and give her a chicken salad, a tenderloin steak, or some such thing, and she will take brighter views of love and life.

J. L. ZERA.—You are correct in regard to the story to which you refer; and we cheerfully acknowledge our mistake. We do not claim to be infallible. We shall be on our guard hereafter; all such little experiences tend to still better qualify us for our business. We are not above learning a lesson from a mistake.

CHARLES H.—Such matters as "insufficient warmth of reception," &c., on the part of fascinating young widows, or any other members of the "belle sex," must be settled by the parties themselves. We can only say, in a general way, that a man should not nurse his wrath, or let his angry passions rise, for any such little inadvertency.

PREVOSTE.—It was highly improper for you to ask a girl whom you never saw before, for a kiss, after spending one evening with her, and in the presence of another, too. In fact, a kiss should never be *asked* for, nor indulged in, until, on both sides, "it comes just as natural as breathing."

AN ADMIRER OF ELOCUTION.—Confidence in public speaking can only be attained by habit and perseverance. The best way to begin is by reading aloud, and then to recite, before a select few, passages from the best works of our poets and orators. Diffidence by such means may be overcome.

QUANDARY.—Jealousy is always blind, foolish, and ineffective. As long as you are jealous, therefore, you will not be able to make much advancement in the affections of your sweetheart. A jealous man is apt to be tyrannical and unjust, and most women know this fact.

BERLIN FRANK.—The stage-struck young man whom you describe had better have his head shaved, and be packed away in wet sheets. We can give him no assistance in getting a situation on the stage.

CICERO.—When your friends tell you that you have a great talent for public speaking, the best thing you can do is to disbelieve them, until you shall prove by experience that they are right.

S. E. C., is desperately in love, but his mother says he is too young "to go a courting," and orders him to wait until his beard be grown. We think the mother had better be obeyed.

CHARLES HENRY.—In this country and in England, and in fact in all civilized countries, criminals are prosecuted at the public expense. If a man rob you, the public authorities will prosecute him, with no expense to yourself.

HEART-SICK.—There is no "plan" by which you can "ascertain the young man's feelings," that you can adopt without violating maidenly propriety. You must wait patiently, until the course of events shall decide the matter.

A WELL-WISHER.—Your suggestion is under consideration, and most probably will be attended to. We thank you for your kind opinion of our labors. We aim to make a good, an interesting, and a morally instructive paper.

ELOISE.—It is always silly, foolish, absurd, immodest and indelicate for a girl to correspond with a man whom she has never seen, and whom she knows nothing about.

YOUNG AMERICA.—There are no rules by which a person can become a good writer, unless he have the divine gifts of conception and expression.

E. W.—Yes. A year's subscription to the NEW YORK LEDGER would be a very appropriate gift to your cousin on her birth-day, or at any other time.

W. R. A.—In the LEDGER of March 14th you will find a full statement concerning admissions to the U. S. Naval Academy.

C. H. C.—The President of the United States cannot declare war against any nation; that power is given to Congress.

J. W. R.—We can supply you with numbers of the LEDGER as far back as June 7th, 1856, at which time we commenced electrotyping our paper.

A CADET.—All you can do is to behave with as much kindness and judiciousness as possible, and let the girl's affections take their course.

LEDGER.—No. We do not wish for any translations of Duma's works. We are much obliged, however, for your friendly offer.

ELMIRA.—We do not give information concerning the private matters of our contributors, to anybody. We consider all such questions low-bred and highly impertinent.

EMMA JANE.—Yes. It is not only proper but commendable for you to ride four miles to church, alone, every Sabbath.

MINOR.—A minor who travels in Europe, has to get his passports just the same, and in the same manner, and of the same officers, as a person of full age.

DAGUERRE.—We do not know anything about the authorship of the verses which you enclose.

M. S. R.—The postage on transient papers is one cent each, within the United States.

A SUBSCRIBER.—We do not know of any such paper as you mention.

WYANDOTTE.—Copper coin is legal tender only to a certain amount.

OTAWA.—We believe Mr. Bancroft has not yet completed his history of the United States.

RUTH N.—No. The members of the House of Commons do not receive salaries.

D. C. H., Troy, N. Y.—None of Mr. Cobb's stories published in the LEDGER will be issued in book form.

*** *Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*